

SWANK

August

25¢

FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS

CARTOONS

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BOLTINOFF
DAVIS
PERNOD
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LA MENDOLA
BEAVEN
JACKSON
KEY
MARGOT
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ROTH
CRAMER

ARTICLES

TREVOR
FERNALD
KURTZ
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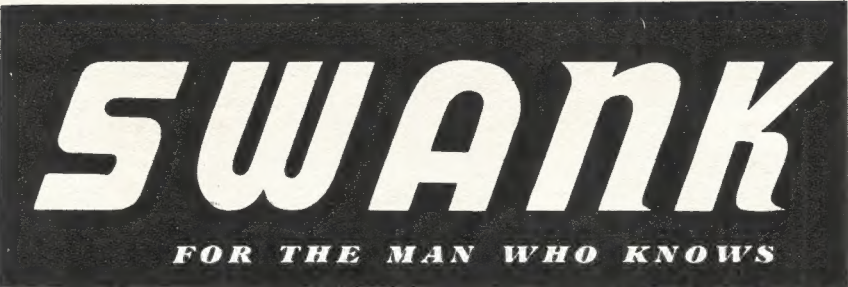
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V. S. FOX—Publisher ABNER J. SUNDELL—Editor
MELVIN D. BLUM—Art Director

THIS IS WRITTEN practically in the blood and sweat of child-birth. We, speaking editorially, would like to pinch the pink cheek of our offspring, SWANK, with a little more pride, but we're a bit hesitant, a little on the shy side. You see, SWANK isn't all we expected him to be.

He's a mite scrawny in the editorial section. At first glance he doesn't look like he's liable to grow up to be president. But, of course, there's more to a youngster than meets the eye. You've got to take into consideration a lot of things; for instance, he's got a mighty strong frame, sixty-six pages of stories, articles, pictures, color, gals and cartoons. And those sixty-six pages are sans advertising, which ain't hay. And as long as we've gotten the business of confessing SWANK's faults off our chest, and we feel much relieved for it, now we're beginning to recognize that, while he may never be president, we're not so sure that he won't be heavyweight champ, and, between you and us, SWANK may be getting the best of the bargain.

At this point we're getting ready to bust a gustle as we contemplate, and swell with pride. SWANK shouldn't be judged entirely on its own. You've got to take into consideration the stuff that it's made of. And SWANK is pretty solid stuff. The cartoonists, and this is where we bust our girdle as well, are the best in the business. And we mean best! Look at the stuff that SWANK's made of. Look at this line-up of cartoonists, and they're the blood and bone and gristle of SWANK . . . Priscilla and Wolfe and Boltinoff, Davis, Pernod and King . . . La Mendola, and Beaven. And then there's Jackson, Key and Margot . . . and Dunkel . . . and Roth and Cramer, and on, and on, and so forth. And there are more cartoons gathered here than you'll find in any mag for even twice the price.

At this point we swallow a lump in our throats and begin to feel like a heel for having approached SWANK with a chip on our shoulder, and the attitude, "You're not so hot." Because SWANK is *too* hot and it's going to do a pretty thorough job of proving it.

We sort of overlooked in our first hasty appraisal the fact that SWANK sports some gals that are going to have you all, and we say all with a fond and fatherly and editorial expectation, gals that are going to have you all sitting on the edge of your chairs, standing in the aisles and whatnot. There are three gal Pics inside that Wesley Morse painted. Now, a-way back Wesley Morse used to paint the Ziegfeld gals, and if he was good enough for Ziggy he's good enough for us, and you too. Then, we've got what we think is the gal who is going to be to you what Margie Hart is to strippery. The Fugitt Girl, which is our idea of something, and a darn good idea!

And so, with a whoop and a holler and a Lack-a-day, we bravely look forward to the next issue, in which SWANK will begin to feel its growing pains. We're a chummy guy and we get a heap of fun out of receiving mail; so, if you've got any ideas about how we can improve SWANK, we'd be almightyfully glad to have you tell us about it. And if you don't like SWANK, perish the thought, you can tell us about that, too, in your letters; or, if you just feel like letting off steam about things in general, we'll lend a willing ear to that, too.

And how are you?
From the editor's uneasy chair . . .
ABNER J. SUNDELL.

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Shopping Notes

by the rover

DESIGNERS of men's clothes seem to take a Machiavellian delight in producing creations whose main object is to irk the long suffering male. It has been a long acknowledged fact that a man's shirt and the top of his trousers have no affinity with each other whatsoever. Particularly is this true of the man who is active in sports or in his daily business routine. An insurmountable challenge is to play a set of tennis without having one's shirt tail fluttering in the breeze like a proud banner of victory. But this aggravation to a man's sunny disposition need no longer be tolerated, for recently placed on the market is a clever little device that keeps the shirt neatly in place. It consists of two rubber strips with slits at each end which slip over the suspender buttons inside of the trouser waist band. Two rubber tablets at each end of the strips keep the shirt down and, incidentally, the trousers up.

Speaking of shirts, how often have you put on a freshly laundered shirt only to have the collar look like something that had been used to dry the supper dishes long before the evening was over? Heretofore the only antidote against curling, crumpling collars was to wear one that was stiffly starched and to suffer the discomfort that goes with it. Now, however, you can wear soft collars that have the appearance of starched collars by using a collar accessory that is completely invisible and prevents the points of all processed collars from curling.

Now that all men have resigned themselves to the fact that they will have to do their year's stint in the armed forces, we find one manufacturer doing his bit to make life a bit easier for the conscriptee. He introduces a kit consisting of five cellophane envelopes in each of which is a group of buttons needed by soldiers. All of the five envelopes fit into a cellophane container.

For men with short memories who never seem to have a pencil with which to note telephone numbers and important engagements, a gold tie clasp with a small memo pencil fastened to it has been placed on the market. The pencil is easily removable from the clasp.

For those gentlemen who do not care to conceal their pro-ally sentiments from the public, neat little emblems in red, white, and blue on a gold base have been introduced. These make colorful lapel buttons and carry National Unity and British aid devices. They can also be obtained bearing the Royal crest.



Manufacturers of men's cigarette cases have long suffered under the delusion that their products must stand the blows of sledge hammers without showing any dents. As a result the average male has shied clear of the heavy gauge metal cases that pull the best tailored coat all out of shape when carried in the pocket. The popularity of cigarette cases should be increased a hundred fold by a new light weight case covered with a woven hemp. One of its outstanding features is that it can be used for the ordinary as well as the King sized cigarettes.

Now, with the summer coming on, we will once again see the great American exodus into the country to escape the city's heat. Driving for hours with a glaring July sun beating down on a white concrete road brings up the problem of sun glasses to minimize eye fatigue. The conventional type of tinted glasses leave much to be desired in the way of adaptability for all kinds of light conditions. A new innovation is a pair of polaroid spectacles whose density can be easily adjusted by simply flicking a small lever. Thus, as the sun diminishes in brilliance,



the glasses can be made to admit more light.

Perhaps one of the principal worries of wearers of glasses is the possibility of having the lenses smashed resulting in painful cuts due to glass splinters. This writer has been fascinated by a new shatterproof lens which has been made available to the public. A hammer blow on the lens will, of course, web it with a network of cracks, but no dangerous slivers of glass will fly off with a possible injury to the eye.

While we may spoof the ladies for having everything except the family divan in their handbags, a thorough search of the average man's pockets would also yield enough gadgets and gimcracks to start a first class rummage sale. It is conceded that most of these objects, such as cigarette lighters, pencils, pens, eyeglass cases, etc., are important and necessary. It is almost impossible to do without any one of them, but an enterprising manufacturer has not found it impossible to combine the functions of two of these items into one compact device. It is a good grade mechanical pencil with a neat cigarette lighter built in on top of the pencil case.

While on the subject of cigarette lighters, let us for a moment consider the plight of the motorist. Driving in the city is at best a nerve wracking ordeal, and the one thing that will help him keep



a grip on his mental equilibrium is a soothing draft on a cigarette. But his troubles start when he tries to light one. By the time he digs his cigarette pack from his trouser pocket (where it usually is), and gets a cigarette between his lips he finds traffic moving and, unless he wants to be the cause of a raucous symphony of automobile horns, he must move with it before he can light up. The odds are that he will arrive at his destination with his cigarette still unlighted. The motorist will save himself a lot of irritation by acquiring an attractive cigarette container that fastens to the steering post. The device will deliver a lighted cigarette into the hands of the driver by a mere flick of the finger. We need not stress the safety angle of this device. The driver can light up without taking his eyes off the road.

For the married man who has just been blessed with a new arrival at his home, or for the young man who is about to be married there is a key chain on the market with a small frame attached to it. On one side of the frame he can put his social security number and on the other side is a small compartment in which he can place a snapshot of the baby or his fiancée, as the case may be.

Is there a man who has never had the embarrassing experience of walking across a crowded public place without suddenly finding his garter trailing along behind? Some of us have taken precautions against this unpleasant contingency by not wearing garters. This has its drawbacks, however, for trouser legs have a funny habit of crawling half way up the leg when one sits down, revealing a pair of socks sloppily bunched up just above the shoes. This is another blight in a man's life which has been removed by the introduction of socks with garters permanently attached. The advantage of this arrangement is that one has freshly laundered garters each time one puts on a pair of fresh socks. The garters are guaranteed for the life of the socks.

Wearers of belts need not be told of their shortcomings. When one draws the belt tight enough to hold up the trousers, one has to gasp for air like a victim of asthma; and when one keeps the belt loose enough not to interfere with the process of breathing, there is an imminent danger of the trousers slipping down to the floor at a most inopportune time. A newly designed belt does much to add to the wearer's comfort and ease of mind. Behind the buckle are two small springs that are concealed within the belt. These springs allow an expansion of a full inch, thus making it possible to draw the belt tightly enough for safety without interfering with free and easy breathing.

How often have you driven along a dark highway at a forty or fifty mile clip and suddenly found it necessary to swerve dangerously in order to avoid hitting a stalled car on the road? Many fatal accidents can be avoided by warning other drivers of a car stalled on the road with small flares that give off a brilliant light for approximately half an hour. These flares are packed in packages of two flares each.



W. H. L. 11/10/41

"Ooo, another pound! That nice Mr. Blintz is much too generous!"

DAMIES are WHACKY

by lathrop roberts

• SATIRE •

***The Female Of The Species May Have Bats In Her
Lovely Belfry, But In Love And War She Is Deadlier
Than The Reasonable Male—And Much More Fun***

THE nifty little blonde walking down the street doesn't seem to have a thought in her head as she passes the admiring males lining her path. She will confess prettily that when it comes to anything like brain-work, she's a dud.

But don't let those baby blue eyes fool you. The veriest lame-brain of a woman has it hands down over you when it comes to her own little specialty—the war between the sexes, or what is laughingly known as "love". A woman in love, or one who is the object of some unfortunate man's affections, has more tricks than her monkey ancestors who swung by their tails from trees.

She cries if you *do*—and she cries if you *don't*!

Once you have her "at your mercy"—a situation she walked into deliberately—she begs you as a gentleman not to press your affections. But heaven help the workingman if you pay any attention to her pleading, sucker!

Should you be so foolish as to cease your love-making, she will hold it against you forever. The first chance she gets at a party of mutual friends, she waits for one of those quiet moments and then—

"You had your chance, sissy," she announces, "but you'll never get another!"

Then, while everyone looks at you, she flounces off with your best boy friend, laughing over her shoulder.

A woman in love, or being loved, has two standards of conduct: one for you and another for herself. This is very convenient for her because it allows the widest latitude for philandering on the side. She takes the attitude that she is a popular belle. She must be in action every night. She demands freedom to go out with other men on the evenings when you stay home to catch up on sleep.

But don't let her actions give you the idea that this game works both ways. Variety is the spice of her life, but you're signed up for a one-course meal. If you go out with that visiting niece from Dubuque, you'll be explaining until Christmas—and not next Christmas, either.

If the niece is good-looking (like most nieces) your lady love accuses you of "two timing." If she isn't pretty, you still get the rolling pin, but it's flavored with razzberry. "They've got to be pretty hard-up for boy friends before they go out with you," she'll sneer, and wonder whether she isn't too good for yours truly.

On her nights out—without you—she gets a dizzy thrill from associating with all the rounders and wolves who have sour reputations. The nearer she can come to getting into harm's way, the more fun she has. But if she does get hurt, you're supposed to step in and make everything all right. Even to marrying her, if necessary.

Unfortunately for your peace of mind, she considers a day without an insult just 24 hours wasted. She makes you take her slumming to places where nice girls needn't go. Then puts you on the spot by flirting with tough yeggs who hang out there. When they respond, she demands to know if you are going to stand for it from "those men."

The chances are you are outnumbered and outweighed. You can only beat a retreat as gracefully as possible. But once you get her outside the joint and you want to box her ears, she takes the play away from you by accusing you of cowardice!

And if by some miracle you do slap down the "insulters," you still can't win. You are automatically an "uncouth bully" who starts fights just to embarrass her.

A dame's double standard for everything allows her to do anything without moral stigma in her own mind, so long as it is with inferiors or strangers.

She will run to the kitchen to pay the ice-man or the milk-man, while garbed in the scantiest negligee. If he stares, grabs her roughly and steals a kiss, she puts up half-hearted resistance. She's flattered that she stirs his cave-man instincts.

But wait until the sap who really loves her shows up to spend his week's salary taking her out that evening! If he stares a second at her low decoletté, or asks for a good-night kiss, she pouts and accuses: "That's all you want me for—my *body*."

Maybe the poor goof is supposed to love her for her cooking? (She couldn't boil dish-water without scorching.) Or love her for her sense of money



"Mrs. Barnes wants the outboard motor to mix an omelet."



"Either one of you boys got a road map?"

values? (She'd break the Bank of England in a week, if they gave her a charge account.)

Another quirk of the feminine mind is that nothing is wrong, so long as it isn't serious. She can do *anything* for a lark. The vacuum cleaner salesman, the blind date, the chance acquaintance, can get away with plenty. She excuses herself with, "He doesn't mean it."

But the sapper who wants to marry her has to sign his life away before he gets to first base!

Perish the thought that women confine their screwball mental reactions to love situations. They bring them all right with them into business life. No wonder business is lousy!

A woman will work and sweat and lie and steal, even sit on the boss's lap, until she wins a position of responsibility in the firm. Then, just about the time she is earning a good salary and can be quite independent, she chucks it all—to marry Harry the shipping clerk. Harry is the same unlucky stiff she told her secretary about, two weeks before. "I don't like him," she said at the time "... I think I'll make him take me out to dinner."

Did you ever see a dame get on a crowded bus, with a nickel in her hand? Don't be naive, you know you didn't! She must be allowed to enter the bus first. Then when she is safely inside and 20 other would-be passengers are trying to push in out of the rain, she starts rummaging through her bag for the nickel. She "just knows" she has it—"somewhere". Somewhere is right! She has left it home on the piano where she put it so she wouldn't forget it!

After she has four children, the fun goes right on. Her husband has learned by this time to keep his life entirely separate from hers. So she goes about prying into the lives of "the more unfortunate," telling them with great condescension how to raise their children. At the same time her own are left

at home—to eat matches or stick pins in the cat's eyes.

Women want to be everything but what they are. The skinny ones want to be fat; the fat ones sweat to be lean. Blondes dye their hair black; brunettes bleach to platinum. Dames with skin the color of an old saddle use acid to get white. Those with fair skin risk nervous ailments and third-degree burns turning themselves into the walking counterparts of boiled lobster.

They can't quite make up their minds about hair. They want it thick and long on top of their heads, but they torture themselves tweezing it from their eyebrows. And just to make it more puzzling, they paste false hairs on for eyelashes.

Every woman believes that her figure is irresistible to men if she really wants to use it. But just to be on the safe side, some of them sew pads and bustles into their dresses to make up for possible deficiencies. Others squeeze their limbs out of joint with brassieres and girdles to de-emphasize the very same features.

They have a neat way of taking most of men's privileges without giving up their own. While streets are lined with beauty parlors that men can enter only at the risk of life or limb, the dames get a kick out of having barbers cut their hair while busy men wait for shaves. They assume the right to sit on stools at men's cocktail bars and tell men's risque stories, but you just try to repeat one if you ever blunder into an all-female bridge party.

Rich girls pull wires from here to Dun and Bradstreets so they can get jobs as showgirls, models, press agents, or what have you. But the poor girls stop at nothing to get rich so that they won't have to do any of those things.

There's no such thing as *status quo* for women. If a man has a steady, pleasant job running the gas station, the wife nags about his lowly salary, his

dirty hands, and the honest dirt he tracks into the house. To keep his sanity he finally persuades the company to let him go on the road selling gas-pumps to other filling stations. Getting away from her is such a relief that he's a big success, tripling his previous weekly salary. Is she satisfied? Don't be funny! She keeps right on nagging because he leaves her alone every now and then.

Home girls who have led sheltered lives run off to go through hellfire with gangsters—and love it! Girls who know all about it save their folly for vacation time. Where they would turn up their noses at more worthy men back home, they run off and marry vacation Romeos who turn out to be unemployed stock-clerks.

A married woman has her fun at vacation time as well. She says she wants to spend it at some fashionable resort where you have to change your clothes every hour—on the hour. But when you tell her to do what she pleases—you're going to that fishing camp on the wild mountain lake—do you think she goes off to the swang hotel? Not a woman. That would be reasonable!

Instead she becomes generous and goes along with you to the fishing camp. Once there, she has lots more fun than she might have had at Newport—simply by nagging you about the smoke, the dirt, the flies, the rain, the fishy smell, and how the altitude makes her faint. You go home in disgust, resolved that next year you'll get yourself committed to a padded cell for the two weeks.

Sure, dames are whacky. They function with a rhyme and a reason that is all their own. The reasonable male yells, and argues, and tears his hair out by the handful, but it doesn't do any good. The lovely creatures go on just the same. And do we love it? Boys, the line forms on the left!

Borrowed Lightning

by arr kay

• FICTION •

THE four guards in the death house awkwardly glanced at each other as the man in the condemned cell knelt on the hard floor.

They glimpsed the agonized look in his eyes, but could only shrug helplessly. They knew what he was undergoing, for in less than thirty mortal minutes which would pass with the speed of lightning, he would walk with death. They knew too that only faith could sustain him now.

Suddenly the lights overhead dimmed, then burned brightly again.

Almost immediately a low, restless murmur arose from the other prisoners. The guards, alert, stiffened to attention. But as the kneeling man remained where he was, quietly, the fretful growling subsided, and the guards relaxed. They were grateful to the kneeling man, for one outcry from the condemned cell—and the entire death house would have been impacted into a frenzied uproar.

The guards, huddling near the desk at the outer gate, began to whisper amongst each other.

"Why do they have to test the juice now!" muttered one guard to another. "It makes it so much tougher for him in there!" "Maybe something's wrong?" suggested the other. "I'll be glad when this is over with—" said the third guard, shivering. "I still can't get used to 'em." "You ought to be glad you're not in that cell," said the first guard, "like him there praying!" The fourth guard was the youngest. He was silent, and just nodded quickly, glancing furtively to the cell at the right end which was closest to the ominously locked green door.

In that cell, the agonized look in the kneeling man's eyes seemed to pass into his fingers, contorting them. He clasped them and pressed them tightly against his breast.

He knew that the eyes of the guards and the prisoners in the cells across the narrow corridor were fixed upon him. So he struggled not to weep. But tears welled up within him. They dripped silently and burned like acid. He could not reveal this, for everyone was watching him. He knew that when a man dies, no matter for what, he should not be betrayed by tears.

So he pressed his clenched hands tighter and tighter against his breast, for the time was growing shorter.

Out of the corner of his eye he glimpsed one of the guards glancing nervously at his wristwatch—when without warning the lights dimmed again. Responding to the inexorable threat his heart leaped outward in an insane effort to tear itself loose, while his fingernails drove so deeply into his palms that he felt as if they had pierced him through. He bit hard into the cry that almost escaped his pale lips. He shut his eyes tightly in his vain attempt to banish the picture which arose in his mind. The slow dragging feet, the grotesque chair with its serpentine wires, the puny body strapped in with a mask across its face to destroy all resemblance to a human's—then the low humming of the electric current rising to a whine, striking the taut, bound figure with the smashing impact of thunder-

bolts, shaking it in a gigantic, monstrous grip, then leaving it incredibly limp, smelling of scorched flesh—an emptied sack.

The hoarse confusion of men shouting in panic aroused him from his own thoughts. He looked around and saw the prisoners ranting hysterically against the dimming of the lights. They rushed to the doors of their cells, rapped their knuckles and shoes against the bars, jeered and cursed and spat at the guards, who crouched in a tense circle in the middle of the floor, breathlessly awaiting the reaction from the condemned cell that would ignite an emotional explosion.

But the man remained kneeling, his pale lips moving in prayer, and when the prisoners saw this, the heat of their fear and anger departed from them, and they became silent.

The man was grateful for their silence, for his greatest trial still lay ahead of him. No—it was at hand. The warden was at the cell door, his head bowed, his forehead shiny with sweat.

"It's time," the warden whispered hoarsely. "Are you ready?"

The kneeling man nodded, his pale lips still mov-

ing. The warden motioned to one of the guards, who stepped forward, fumbled with his key, then opened the steel door. The man arose, stiffened, then walked out slowly. He waited. The warden nodded to the guards. Amid the taut farewells of the other prisoners, the solemn procession shuffled to the little green door behind which was the execution chamber.

The prisoners watched the green door open . . . close. Then they waited, their teeth clenched upon their lips, their eyes wide. Silently, they began counting. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—"AHHHHHH!" A great moan arose as the lights dimmed quickly, then brightened again. The men glanced fearfully at each other. Then almost immediately the lights dimmed again, brightened, dimmed again, and brightened. They waited desperately, while the minutes crawled by.

Suddenly—jerkily—the green door opened again—and the man returned.

"Look! Look at his face!" One prisoner whispered to another. "Every time one of us goes through that door—you'd think it was the Chaplain that got the juice!"



"Did YOU whistle at me, young man?"



"She has perfect measurements for that healthy teeth ad!"

TORTURE goes MODERN

by vladimir kurtz

• ARTICLE •

The Old Boys Thought They Were Pretty Good At Torture, But The Gestapo And GPU, Among Others, Have Brought The Art Of Lingering Death Well Up To Date

TORTURE goes back to the days when some pre-historic man looked at his captured enemy and said, "Killing is too good for you!" So instead of bouncing a rock off the man's head, he began improvising ways to separate the body from the soul in as lingering a manner as possible.

From that time on, torture served three purposes in the life of civilized and semi-civilized man: it was a pleasant indoor sport, a way of warning people to behave, and a rather blood-curdling game of "Information, Please" with no begging off on the answers.

When the Spanish conquistadors scoured the west coast of Mexico, they found that the Yaqui Indians had forms of human torture more diverse than those of Old Spain. They set sharp posts into the ground and tied prisoners to the points in a sitting position. During the course of days, the prisoners were weighted with heavier and heavier stones until the posts pierced the abdominal tract, and finally the lungs if the wretches lived that long.

When pressed for time, the Yaquis used the desert ants to hurry up the job of torture. Captives were staked out naked, near an ant-hill. A drop of wild honey placed on the victim's nose would bring the ants swarming to eat away that part of the body in tiny bites. This could go on indefinitely—till the body was gone.

Such methods were considered quite romantic and colorful in their time. But the progress of modern science has brought "improvements" in torture methods. It is considered the peak of twentieth-century technique to kill the victim with excruciating delay and yet leave no evidence on the body. Such improved forms are useful in wholesale purges of political enemies, or on occasions when "confessions" are necessary before the victim can be executed. Then it can be said that he confessed of his own free will since there is no mark on him.

One of the cleverest methods for wholesale confessions is the "jolly party" torture. Some twenty or thirty people, of both sexes, are wedged into a small

room. There is just enough room for them to stand together. One who falls will be trampled to death. But to make sure that all will stand, the floor is covered with several inches of water. The enforced "party" is continued for days. The only let-up is at feeding time, when the victims are released for fifteen minutes.

Unspeakable degradation is brought about by a week of this kind of torture. The strongest minds last about nine days in the "jolly party". Sensitive persons go completely insane in about five or six days. Unfortunates subjected to this modern torture sign "confessions" to the most atrocious crimes.

In Medieval times, when prisoners were not to be killed outright, "The Boot" afforded amusement for feudal lords. It was an iron contrivance made to fit the foot and leg. But turning set-screws very slowly, "The Boot" became smaller and smaller, squeezing the human foot inside with terrific pressure. The Boot was tightened every half-hour until the bones of the offender's foot were crushed to splinters. He was released—a permanent cripple.

Such methods seem almost childish nowadays by contrast to our recent improvements. The famous castor oil treatment was devised by the Fascisti when Mussolini was actively eliminating his enemies. The subject was given a tremendous overdose of castor oil. This would keep him in paroxysms of pain until his intestinal tract was destroyed and death ensued.

The Spanish Civil War set many new highs for individual torture. One of the best and simplest was known as The Dark Room. The prisoner who refused to give up military secrets was put into a small room with two live cobras. Tame white mice were thrown in and the light turned off. Thereupon the mice took refuge on the person of the prisoner, the big snakes took right after them. Even the hardest man broke down and screamed for release when a deadly cobra started chasing a mouse up his pants leg. The cobras had had their fangs removed, but neither the prisoner nor the mice knew that.

Another favored method was to lock the prisoner in a cell so low and so narrow that he could neither stand nor sit. He could only stoop, with back and knees bent. If it seemed wise to do away with the prisoner, a charming way was to place a steel band around his head. This was tightened very gradually till the brains were crushed.

One of the simplest methods, but a successful one, was to herd a number of prisoners into one large cell. Each morning one prisoner was taken out at random and flogged to death in the courtyard where the others could see. The remainder were never allowed to sleep. Lights flashed on and off all night in the cell and sirens sounded for long periods.

In his recent best-seller, ex-Communist Jan Valatin describes some of the methods of torture used by the Nazis. Most of them are throwbacks to the primitive beating. Most favored was the *Kaschumbo* in which the victim was spread-eagled on a table and beaten over the kidneys with a wet leather whip till they were crushed. If the prisoner still lived and remained stubborn, he was beaten to death with chains which crushed the rings into his lungs. If the victim of such beatings lapsed into unconsciousness too soon, salt was rubbed into the wounds on his back.

(Continued on page 64)



"Honest, boys, I tell you that's all the traveling salesmen jokes I know!"



"Such manners! I whistle very politely and she don't even turn around!"



"Think what would happen if she sneezed!"



"Look, Horace! It's just my size!"



"I want to show the public that my product is not fattening."



"They're feuding again!"



"Hello, Evans Escort Bureau? Send me up the best you've got, QUICK!"



"Gee, it's lovely, Mr. Kroll! But I couldn't accept it. Couldn't you take it out of my salary?"



"Ever since I began it's been a constant race between the moths and myself."



"A bit more angelic, Miss Marlowe, a bit more angelic!"



"Can I come in awhile? It's pouring outside!"



*"There's a little story attached to this one, Colonel. . . .
When I was stationed in Hawaii . . ."*



*"Officer O'Toole reporting everything under control on
Delancey Street."*



"Now, who pulled that zipper?"

SPIES WIN WARS

by *Iadislav Farago*

• ARTICLE •

Germany Has Always Known That Espionage Is Better Than A Bushel Of Tactics And Modern War's Sharpest Weapon—Which Is Why The Nazis Have Taken Half Of Europe

WHEN a group of foreign correspondents was taken on a conducted tour to the ruins of Warsaw, they asked Colonel von Wedel of the Nazi High Command to explain Germany's amazing success in the Polish campaign. The colonel replied that victory was due to "our superior arms and superior intelligence service." A few days later, Field Marshal von Brauchitsch, in the official report issued at the conclusion of operations in Poland, gave second place to the German Intelligence Service among the tributaries of victory.

Here we have another key to Germany's unparalleled military triumphs. Like many a Nazi military mystery, espionage was one of those allegedly secret weapons whose existence, organization, methods and directives were all known to the opposing general staffs. Whatever there was to be known about the system of German espionage, it was revealed far back in 1924, in an extraordinary book by Colonel Walter Nicolai, chief of the Kaiser's Intelligence Service from 1912 to 1918.

Nicolai wrote one of those handy text-books German experts are so fond of turning out by the dozen. But when he decided to disclose the secret mechanism of the German spy-machine, he was induced by a superior motive. His own countrymen and foreign critics blamed the German intelligence services for the Reich's failure in the First World War. They were accused of misjudging America's entire attitude, of failing to learn about the tank weapon, to establish the exact strength of American divisions in Europe, of misunderstanding Foch's plans during the 1918 offensive.

Nicolai's book, *Intelligence Service, Press and Propaganda*, was an eloquent refutation of these charges. But while in its lines he made a valiant

attempt at his own vindication, he gave away between the lines all the secrets of an organization whose real efficiency now turns out to be second to none.

At 67, Nicolai follows the progress of the Second World War from retirement. A grateful Hitler appointed him to a sinecure where he supervises the re-writing of German history books to fit the Nazi interpretation of history. But the ruthless efficiency which is the motive power of today's German espionage, is Nicolai's work.

First, he stripped it of all romance and adventure, and made it into a functional instrument which now works with business-like efficacy. Second, he eliminated all moral inhibitions from its path, and applied it by fair means or foul. Third, he succeeded in elevating espionage, which Montesquieu termed an infamous practice, to a plane where it is now considered a sacred national duty in Germany. Whatever he did, he simply followed in the footsteps of Frederick the Great who once remarked: "Marshal de Soubise is always followed by a hundred cooks. I am always preceded by a hundred spies." This hoary Prussian wisecrack became grim reality in 1940.

To Nicolai's mind, the Armistice did not make an end of the World War. He implored Germany to continue fighting, even if only through the medium of her intelligence service. "War in Peace—that is the best description of the present role of the Intelligence Service," he wrote in his second book, *Secret Powers*. "The Intelligence Service will not be hit by disarmament, because propaganda, its positive side, would displace military considerations and become more than ever a political weapon. For these reasons the Intelligence Service stands on the threshold of new tasks."

Thus it was on Nicolai's advice that the Nazis began their rearmament program by first reorganizing their Intelligence Service. This was a definite step toward war, strictly in line with the basic tenet of Nicolai who maintained that "intensified espionage must precede intensified armament for war." Known arrests of German spies in France, Belgium and Czechoslovakia strikingly demonstrate the practical application of this tenet. Let us now, in an instructive historical retrospect, compare Germany's recent progress with these early arrests of her spies.

The Nazi campaign against Czechoslovakia began, not in 1938, but in 1934, when the Germans established their first anti-Czech espionage bureau in Dresden under Captain Helm. A woman, Anna Dienals, was their first agent assigned to Prague. Between the fall of 1934, and the summer of 1935, no less than 38 German spies were arrested in Czechoslovakia. Four staff officers of the Czech army were among the spies thus apprehended. German spying on Czechoslovakia reached its peak in the summer of 1938, during Lord Runciman's ill-fated mission.

The invasion of Belgium began, not in 1940, but in 1935, when Leo Pees, a German agent, obtained the fortification plans of Liège. It will be remembered that in May, 1940, German troops succeeded in forcing their way into the city after only 72 hours of fighting.

The war against France began, not in 1939, but in the spring of 1934, when the French Sûreté estimated that more than 500 German spies were dumped on France. Detailed plans of the Belfort fortifications were the first to fall into German hands. They were betrayed by Captain Georges Froge of the French Army to a Nazi agent. A little over six years later, the German Southern Army of Field Marshal von Leeb punctured the lower Maginot Line and entered Belfort at their first attempt.

The plans of the Metz fortification system, controlling the entrance to Alsace Lorraine, were obtained in 1935. They were sold by a French non-commissioned officer to Otto Baltes, another German agent. Almost exactly five years later, Alsace Lorraine was forced to capitulate when the Germans managed to march into Metz practically overnight.

Between 1935 and 1939, the French Sûreté arrested German spies in Paris, Strasbourg, Sedan, Soissons, Brest, Toulon and Casablanca. By the fall of 1938, the German network was so efficient that during the Czech-crisis mobilization orders of the French fleet were in Nazi hands four hours after Admiral Darlan signed them. In the spring of 1939, the Germans obtained the exact locations of all French airfields from a captain of the French Air Force. With this list at their disposal, they were in a position to raid all military airfields in France between May 10th and 14th, destroy most of them, and thus put the French Air Force out of action.

Of course, Germany's spying on France reached its climax but shortly before the May offensive of 1940. On May 31, in a dispatch to the Associated Press, Louis P. Lochner asserted that the Germans concentrated their attacks on Sedan only because



"Guess I'm safe. . . . It says they aren't going to take anyone from the key industries!"



"What an army!"

intelligence reports revealed the utter disorganization of the French 9th Army of General Corap, assigned to the defense of the Meuse-line. At this point, history repeated itself within seventy years. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1871, Moltke decided to concentrate all attacks on Sedan, since his agents reported that all French troops were moving in the opposite direction, toward Metz.

Incidentally, Germany's espionage tactics now used against France were not new at all. Bismarck's secret agent, Stieber, prepared the Franco-Prussian war by moving 30,000 spies into France in 1869-70. Georges Bourgin, of the French National Archives, related that France was similarly "softened" prior to the First World War. He wrote: "Germany took as careful precautions for the World War of 1914-18 as for that of 1870. Espionage was facilitated by the large number of German nationals who were settled in foreign countries, and by the wide extension of the German trade. The eastern departments of France in particular were riddled with German agents—agricultural workers, domestic servants, hairdressers, commercial travellers, German teachers, many of whom posed as Belgians, Swiss or Luxembourgiens." According to Colonel Nicolai's own admission, he was personally responsible for the organization of this network, completed during several trips to France in 1913.

Even though Germany's espionage strategy was familiar to both France and Britain, the Allies were unable to develop a similarly efficient counter-weapon. It even seemed that Britain's once famed intelligence service now entered into a period of hibernation. By early in 1939, things became so serious that Winston Churchill was compelled to complain about the conspicuous inefficiency of the British Intelligence Service to the House of Commons.

"After 25 years' experience in peace and war I believed it to be the finest service of its kind in the world," he said. "Yet we have seen in the case of subjugation of Bohemia and in the case of the invasion of Albania that apparently Ministers of the Crown had no inkling or at any rate no conviction of what was coming."

Churchill indicated that Chamberlain's policy of appeasement was behind the apparent collapse of the British Intelligence Service. He charged that

"information collected by the Intelligence department was sifted, colored and reduced in consequence and importance." By then Britain too was riddled with German agents. Sir Samuel Hoare, then Home Secretary, told the House of Commons that over 3,000 German spies were known to be working in Britain. The intensification of German espionage activities was strikingly reflected in Britain's expenditure on her Secret Service, the department in charge of counter espionage. In 1913, the last year of peace prior to the outbreak of the First World War, British expenditure on counter-espionage amounted to £46,840 per year. But in 1938, almost ten times this amount, a total of £416,500 were spent on hunting down agents of the German Intelligence Service. These two sums between themselves supply the most convincing evidence against the German spy-machine.

A series of factors contribute toward making the German Intelligence Service the most efficient in the world. Most of them originated in Colonel Nicolai's brain, and were then adopted both by the German High Command and Adolf Hitler. Back in 1933, Hitler told Hermann Rauschning that espionage was really his secret weapon. Nicolai maintains that absolute espionage is possible only in a totalitarian country. As early as 1922, he demanded all power of the State to be united in the hands of one leader; he actually used the word "Fuehrer." He also insisted that, in turn, a perfectly functioning intelligence service would be the best guaranty of German resurrection. "Only that State," he wrote, "the political, economic and military leaders of which co-operate in the work of the intelligence service, can be assured regarding its future."

It is hardly necessary to enumerate the methods of the Nazi espionage. They are now all well known, after nine European countries served as models of demonstration. It is, however, important to point out that the United States is increasingly becoming the favorite objective of German espionage. We have Nicolai's own testimony to this effect. This is what he said about America:

"Into a dark future and ahead of developments

the intelligence service goes to investigate and influence. Never before was the time more favorable for its work. This particularly concerns England and the United States. The structure of the British Empire and the immigration race problems in North America directly entice us to test the art of espionage on them. Far greater than in the past and the present will the secret power of this service be in the future."

It was an American staff officer who recognized the potential danger of German espionage in all its magnitude. Brig.-General Walter Campbell Sweeney was the first military expert to perceive a new weapon in military intelligence. As far back as sixteen years ago, he gave a prophetic analysis of the methods soon to be employed by the German Intelligence Service, and warned against the "war propaganda directed by unscrupulous governments with definite national objectives." In the face of recent events, let us now quote what General Sweeney wrote as an advance warning:

"It is not a military weapon but a national one. It is not operated by military personnel but by civilians. Even in war the attack chiefly is directed against the civilian population in the homeland and only partially against the military forces. Its main object in war is to weaken the enemy by destroying the faith of his people in their government. Its main object in peace is to select and prepare agencies which will be of value to it for these purposes when the time for the use of military force arrives."

General Sweeney voices the official view of American military quarters when he says of the German brand of espionage that "it is of such a detestable nature that it will never be employed by the United States." Of the Nazi method of planting resident inhabitants to act as spies he says that "its use would not even be considered by the United States." But he admonishes us not to close our eyes to this peril. In the prophetic words of General Sweeney, the new weapon, today represented by the amazingly efficient German espionage system, "has brought us to the point where we must create a new agency and method of defense."



"Let's play a game, General. You tell me a secret and I'll tell you one."



"Would you mind delivering this to my sister when you're passing Wilkesbarre?"



"Isn't it time you made some worthwhile move?"



"I went all through the engine room and found out what makes a ship move!"



"Wait a minute! I've got to make up my mind definitely!"



"Ace Secretarial School . . . Rule 5 . . . 'Sit at least 5 feet away from your boss while taking dictation'."



"Look, Miss Curran, can't you forget for one minute that you're a manicurist?"

FOUR LEGS—and STREAMLINES

by humphry peters

• ARTICLE •

A Race-Horse Divided By Six, That's The Greyhound, In Short Heats The Fastest Bit Of Flesh On Earth— The Inside Of A Fascinating, Little-Known Sport

THE brindle bitch looked "awful small and tucked in" to Jack Garber, her owner, as she lay on the clean straw of her dog box. She hardly noticed him staring down at her so anxiously. And she didn't hear the rustling of the palm fronds overhead, or feel the glare of the sun on the ploughed sand.

All she knew was her five new-born and very hungry puppies suckling at her breasts. She turned her head weakly to lick at one of them; then pricked her ears as she heard Mary Garber come running through the grove of young avocado trees.

"Jack—Jack—is she all right—Lady Featherfoot?" Mary called.

"Yeah, but she's more tired than the night she won at Revere in 25 flat. And look at the pups! Aren't they speedy little devils?"

"Oh, it's a shame some of them have to die," Mary cried. "I suppose we'll be lucky if three of them live."

Jack and Mary Garber are typical of racing greyhound owners. Perhaps they are more prosperous than some. That time Mary played the \$1,200 daily double at Raynham Park—it was the same meeting Lady Featherfoot won five races—they had paid down on the Florida cottage and it's ten acres of sandy marl. The place became their headquarters for much of the year, including the 100-day winter season of Florida dog racing.

In summer they leave the place to a caretaker

and campaign the New England tracks for a 100-day session. It is a happy, busy life, full of excitement and zest. Jack drives the truck with six dog boxes (kennels) piled on it, plus their trunks and tack. The living trailer is hitched behind the truck.

But getting back to Lady Featherfoot's litter, they really didn't look speedy at all. That was merely Jack's love for his dogs. All greyhound puppies look more like fat little pointers than racing dogs. Two of the pups died later—most racing dog litters only see half the brood reaching maturity. But one grew into a brindle dog that out-romped all the others.

"We'll call him Featherfoot Boy," Jack said one night when the brindle was about 2 years old—ready for racing. "He'll weigh 65 pounds, like his old man—The Lady hardly tipped 45 when she was racing—"

"He better start winning for us soon, or he'll eat us into the poor-house," Mary broke in. "My account book says he'll cost us \$200 by the time he gets to the post. Would have cost more, if we'd had to pay a stud fee."

"He'll pay us back. Won't you, Boy?" Jack insisted, rubbing the dog for the thousandth time. "It always costs around 200 bucks to get a greyhound to the races. And besides, he's your pet, and I bet you wouldn't sell him for a G note, even if he never wins a quarter!"

Mary only smiled at that, knowing that they hadn't counted in their own time or worry in

that \$200 cost. But at least, she knew that a race horse would have cost ten times as much to bring to the races at 2 years.

That winter they registered Featherfoot Boy at the Miami Beach K. C. for his first season of racing. They parked the trailer near this track, which was built at the water's edge by the late Tex Rickard. The Beach oval is one of the swanky ones, with a big clubhouse and glassed-in grandstand. But of course The Boy didn't know that.

He was in a new world. First, the schooling races. There were tryouts of all the 400 dogs scheduled to race during the 90-day meeting. These imitation races were run Saturday afternoons and evenings for some days before the real meeting opened. A typical procedure at all dog tracks.

The schooling races give the track handicapper and the racing secretary a true line on the current ability of both old and new dogs. The public is invited to watch these trials at no charge. There is no betting, but the patrons get to know the fast dogs, and develop a personal feeling for them.

The trial races are run until each dog has at least four outings. Which means four lines on the past performance charts which are printed free as a part of every regular racing night's program. (There are no nationally distributed dog racing form papers and charts, as there are for horses.)

When the actual race meeting starts, with betting, the track secretary makes up 10 to 11 races a night, with 8 dogs in each race. He matches the dogs as evenly as possible—because that stimulates betting. This is a different procedure from most horse races, in which the owners enter horses at their own discretion. The dog track procedure gives, in effect, a full program of expertly graded handicap races in which the results are solely dependent on the luck of the running and the post positions.

But it was a funny thing about Featherfoot Boy. He was a loafer in his schooling races. He seemed to sense that it was all in fun. True, he tore after the bobbing white bunny that always eluded him, but he never pushed between dogs or cut in ahead of the others. And he got a couple of switchings from Jack Garber for fighting at dogs that pushed over on him.

"Featherfoot Boy schools like a 'fighter'", Jack told Mary with some disappointment. (Dogs that try to fight the other dogs seldom win, and when they do get in the money, they may be disqualified. All the greyhounds are muzzled for their races, but that doesn't stop the mean ones.)

But Mary said hopefully, "He'll settle down when he gets to real racing. You know some dogs just won't school."

Jack was nervous the evening Featherfoot Boy was to make his first start in a race. All he could do was pray that The Boy would improve on his schooling, as many dogs do. Mary clutched his arm as they leaned against the rail. Eight stalwart young men from the University football squad were acting as grooms for the dogs. Dressed in gay uniforms, they paraded the dogs single file before the crowd.

"He's in Number Eight box," Jack muttered, as if she didn't know. "The outside position is lucky at this track—"

The dogs were locked into the starting boxes. Then the silly mechanical bunny jumped out from behind the boxes and sped down the track, emitting



"Can't you see we're having a serious discussion?"

little electric squeaks of terror. The dogs lunged at the gate, yelping their excitement.

As the bunny gained momentum of about 45 miles per hour, the starter pulled his lever. The doors of the boxes flew open. The dogs were off!

"He broke good!" Jack cried, his arm clutching Mary.

"Look! Look—Jack!" she screamed as the dogs tore past the clubhouse to the first turn. "Look at him cut in ahead of them—"

The Boy had popped out of the outside box on springs. He dashed for the inside rail, passing the 5, 6, 7 dogs in the first 20 yards. Around the clubhouse turn he passed the others—all but the Number One. She was a little black bitch that had streaked out of the inside box with a two-length beat on the field. (The Number One box figures 3 lengths, the best over everything in the field except Number 8 on the outside, and 2 lengths best over that position. A length is five feet, and dogs go about 52 feet to the second.)

Down the backstretch Featherfoot Boy dug in and made up a length on the dusky flyer ahead of him. But she had the rail. He had to run farther and faster around the far turn, just to hold his own. The little black one was favorite in the betting. Women players often make a black dog favorite, and now she was running like a winner—

Into the stretch! The Boy had his muzzle even with the tip of her tail.

"Come on, Boy! Run! Run!" Mary screamed, jumping up and down in front of Jack. She knew it was crazy to bet on green dogs, but she had placed a fiver on him just for sentiment.

Down the stretch, tearing along in great leaps! Suddenly the black bitch with the red Number One on her saddle-cloth shortened her stride.

"She's winded!" Jack gasped as The Boy dashed past her. "He wins! Featherfoot Boy wins!"

But Featherfoot Boy, and the other dogs, kept right on after the rabbit regardless of the finish line. Just as they were gaining, the bunny ducked through a hole in the fence and disappeared. The dogs stopped, milled around, yelping for the rabbit. But before they could make up their minds, the college boy grooms snapped leashes on their collars and paraded them back in front of the crowd. Featherfoot Boy led the parade, as the winner's right.

"Now we can get new tires all around,"

Mary said as she counted her winnings—about \$100—and Jack went to take The Boy from the groom. There was always something the money had to be used for. And they never bet heavily anyway, the game was too uncertain with the dogs so evenly matched by the racing secretary. They knew that all the fit dogs would get their turn at winning. If a dog couldn't win in one class, the secretary dropped him down with slower dogs. Jack and Mary won their share of purses and once in a while hit the double or the quinella.

The daily double is the same as in horse racing, a parlay on two races, but the money is bet in a separate pool. A 1941 daily double at the little West Palm Beach track paid \$1,162.80 for a \$2 ticket.

The quinella is a play, usually on the last race of the program, in which the bettor must call the race one-two, or two-one. In other words, a place parlay on two dogs in the same race, with the betting in a separate pool from the regular place (to come second) bets. The quinella looks easy, but it is a trap dependent entirely upon luck. A 1941 quinella payoff at Miami Beach on the dogs Snow Down and Merry Jester figured \$1,281.80 for each \$2 ticket.

Running his first race under the floodlights and before the crowd had been strange to Featherfoot Boy. But the cooling-out process—walking around with Jack for a half hour after the race, was

familiar enough. And then the rubdown, muscle massage, and careful inspection all over for cuts and bruises. And last of all, the feeding. The rubbing is most important, because greyhound men believe a dog's skin must be loose all over its body if it is to show speed.

Featherfoot Boy won two races at the The Beach, after that, stepping up with faster dogs each time. "He makes up for some of the duds," Jack said to Mary after the last winning. He was thinking of so many pups they had raised which turned out too slow, or too crazy, or too vicious for big-time competition. Such dogs had to be sold for from \$25 to \$150, usually to dog men who raced at the bush-league tracks with "option" or "certificate" betting, rather than the legal pari-mutuels of Florida, Massachusetts and some other states.

Jack didn't have the best stud dog for his breeding, but he knew that class begets class in dogs, just as it does (on average) with other animals. But Carroll's kennel gives a good example. His Rural Rube, world's champion, set a record at the West Flagler (Miami) course in 1940 with 21 triumphs at the meeting of about 90 days! Rural Rube by My Laddie, out of Lady Gangsdrew.

Then in 1941, a younger full brother to Rural Rube, called My Topper, proved the sensation of the same track. This giant 75-pound brindle dog won 10 out of his first 14 starts. And Topper's sister from the same litter, Fern Nature, tied him for the best 5/16th time of the meeting, almost shading Rural Rube's record of 33 seconds flat.

Which brings up the old question that Jack and Mary argued so often with the Suffolk Downs horsemen in Boston: Which is the fastest of racing animals?

The answer is that for about one furlong (an eighth of one mile) a greyhound will beat a thoroughbred horse from a standing start. But at the end of a quarter mile, the horse is a good ten lengths in front—horse lengths. The farther they go from that point, the farther the horse wins.

A quarter mile in 24 seconds is good time for a dog. Yet, Coldstream Farm's 1941 winter champion 2-year-old thoroughbred, Albatross, could turn a quarter mile in 22 flat. Biscayne (Miami) dog track's 5/16th record of 33 seconds compares with Hialeah (Miami thoroughbred track) record time of 33 seconds for 3/8ths of a mile, one sixteenth

farther.

Freak races in India have proved that in a three-cornered race, the greyhound leads at the start, the half-domesticated hunting leopard leads at the half-mile, and then the thoroughbred horse runs them both to the ground.

After the Miami season ended, Jack and Mary Garber packed up their best dogs, including Featherfoot Boy, and drove north in truck and trailer. They didn't stop off for racing in Maryland, because that state had mostly whippet racing, so popular in Britain. The whippets weigh only 25 pounds, as compared to 50 to 70 for greyhounds. They are said to be a cross-breed of greyhounds and terriers.

The Garber outfit went right on to Massachusetts, where 175 nights of dog racing (counting both tracks) paid 900 thousand dollars into the State coffers in 1940. One million dog fans watched the races that year at the Bay State tracks, betting about 18 million dollars.

But of course Featherfoot Boy didn't care about that. All he knew was that it was awful chilly after Florida.

"You'll have to give him his cod-liver oil every day," Jack warned Mary. "That's what you get for making a pet of him and keeping him in the trailer instead of his box."

But Featherfoot Boy liked his fish oil; he licked the spoon, top and bottom. Of course Mary knew it was risky, making a pet of a racing dog, but she loved The Boy, and so did Jack.

Mary knew greyhounds are not as smart or affectionate as some pet breeds. They are one-purpose dogs with "one-track" minds. They were bred 2000 years ago on the plains of Asia. Bred tough and strong, streamlined for speed.

Greyhounds are unique in that they course by sight alone, and not by scent like other hounds. And unlike the deerhound and wolfhound, the greyhound sets its own pace. Dogs of the breeds which hunt in packs are no good for track competition because they will not pass the pack leader, regardless of pace.

It is this trait of coursing by sight alone that made possible the electric rabbit used at dog tracks today. Until the early 1900's, rabbit kills in which greyhounds chased live rabbits, were an accepted sport. But this unequal "sport" gradually came to be outlawed by humane societies. And, as gradually, an inventor named Smith perfected the mechanical rabbit. Gradually, because he invented it in 1909, but hadn't made it practical until ten years later.

Before Smith died, he was reported a multi-millionaire from his mechanical bunny royalties, and was commissioner of some 25 tracks, in 3 countries. When asked how he ever got the idea in the first place, he said, "I used to feel so sorry for the live rabbits."

The electric rabbit which the dogs chase is mounted on a bar that holds it about five inches over the surface of the track, about five feet from the inner rail. It is propelled by a 25-horse power electric motor, and the covered "third-rail" the contrivance runs on is geared to give the imitation bunny a lifelike hop and jump. It even makes frightened squeaking noises.

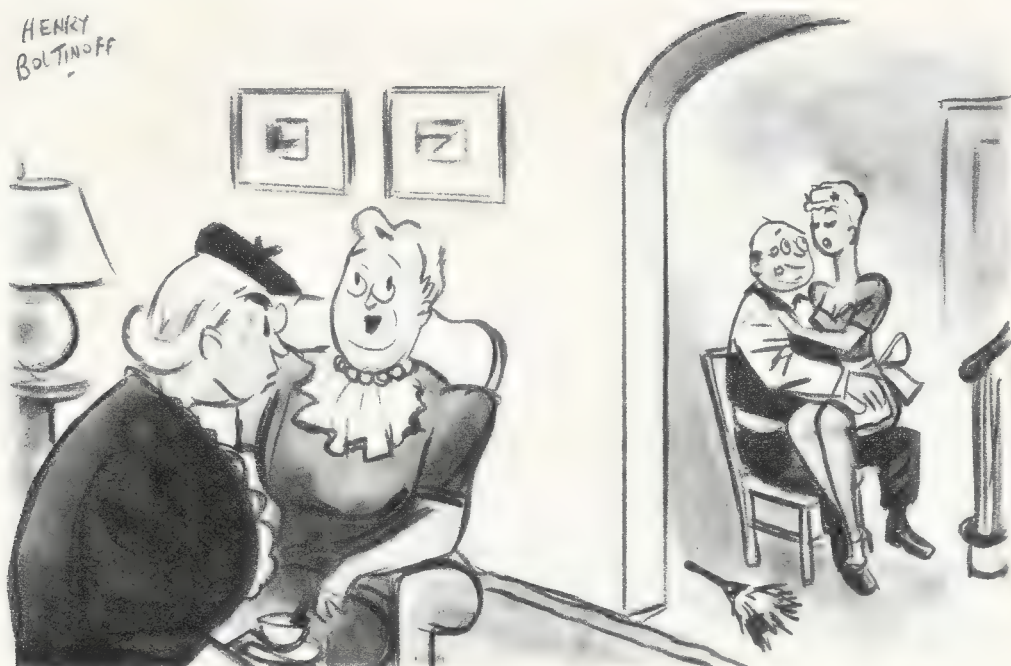
Featherfoot Boy was to race many times around the country for Jack and Mary, but destined never to catch the rabbit. He didn't know that a man high in an infield tower controls the running of the bunny and keeps it about 20 feet in front of the dogs at all times. But although The Boy never caught it, and none of his racing mates ever sunk their well-cared-for teeth into the bunny either, that didn't spoil the dogs' zest for the chase. Even the oldest dogs, who have seen the bunny disappear into its "burrow" 200 times, race after it just as eagerly the next time.

The tracks that Jack and Mary raced at were usually one quarter of a mile in circumference. Many races were run at that distance. But The Boy liked to come



"Mr. Karaway wants to change the script."

HENRY
BOLTINOFF



"I could manage the work in this apartment alone, but my husband insists on a maid for me!"



"Political pull, that's what!"

"Just walk into his office and say, 'Mr. Clarke, I think I deserve a raise'."





"It's been nice seeing you again, Waldorf."



"Listen, dear, to how my heart beats for you!"



"I hate to see her go. She's been with the firm for twenty years."



*"I wish you'd wash your hands more often, Mr. Grubnitz!
You always get fingerprints on my nice white woodwork!"*



IS BASEBALL on the LEVEL?

by
george b. mcgovern

• ARTICLE •

Too Much Big Money Is Involved In Baseball Betting For The Bookmakers Not To Get Ideas About Making An Occasional Fix Even If It Kills The Game

IZZY SILVERMAN, who used to be baseball pricemaker for the country, has retired from the racket with a few paltry millions in his kick. . . . Item from a famous New York daily sports column.

That gives some idea of the enormous volume of betting on baseball, a volume so big that a mere pricemaker can "retire with a few paltry millions."

The public is just beginning to realize how much gambling there is on the highly commercialized sport of baseball, and how this betting can affect the honesty of the game.

The interest in baseball wagering has increased many times over in the past 2 years, thanks to the inauguration of radio broadcasts of major league games. Now, every cigar store, barber shop, pool room and cross-roads emporium can have its crowd of baseball bettors and bookmakers hanging around listening to the playing of the games.

Betting is a "sure proposition" for the bookmakers. Horse race bookmakers can lose if the players are lucky, but baseball bet grabbers *must* win as long as they make "round" books.

The betting on this game, in the ball park or elsewhere is all done on the "spread" principle. The bettor can either lay the odds or take them—at a difference in price. This difference is the sure profit for the bookmaker.

For instance, if the Yankees are playing the Red Sox at the Yankee Stadium, the betting may be opened about noon at odds quoted: "Yankees, 8-6." This means the gamblers who want to back the Yankees must lay the odds to the bookmaker, to the tune of \$8 to \$5, or multiples thereof. The backers of the Red Sox take odds of \$6 to \$5 from the bookmaker. Where one group stands to win \$5 for every \$8 bet, the other stands to win \$6 for every \$5 bet.

The difference between the 8 to 5 and the 6 to 5 is the bookmaker's profit. If he balances his book with the proper amounts of bets on both teams, he cannot fail to make some 15% or 20% of the total amount bet, regardless of which team wins.

A baseball expert serves as handicapper and price-

maker to establish the opening odds. He knows the game better than any of the gamblers. He has complete records of all past games and the latest inside dope from the parks. He establishes an opening price (like the "Yankees, 8-6" above) that he believes will not give the backers of either team any advantage.

As betting advances for the Yankee-Red Sox game, the New York City gamblers want to bet on the Yankees and the Boston gamblers want the Red Sox. That situation is what puts the game in possible jeopardy. The bulk of each bookmaker's play is on one team.

As betting advances, the weight of the money causes the bookmakers to cut the price on the home team. Then, just before the game is to be started, the Boston and New York bookmakers theoretically contact each other and "lay off," or "balance up" so that each group has "round" books. As both sides have taken the home team bets at odds increasingly unfavorable to the bettors, each group of bookies stands to make a nice haul on the game no matter which team wins.

Such is the theory behind baseball booking. But, in actual practice, it may be impossible for the two groups of bookies to make contact and balance up.

At the end of the season all the betting is on the one or two leading teams of each league, regardless of home town loyalty or sentiment. If the Yankees are in the lead, all the gamblers in St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Boston and New York want to get on the Yankees. The bookies must take these bets, or lose the trade. If the Yankees have a streak of 8 or 10 winning games, the bookies' losses can be imagined.

In this way baseball betting endangers the life of the sport. Why should a "sure-thing" gambler only make 20% profit when he would make a 100% killing if he stops the home team from winning the game?

While games will never be fixed for the ace-deuce bets made at the corner store, New York City newspapers have called attention to bets of \$10,000 and \$20,000 allegedly being made at local ball parks. *It is inevitable that when the volume of bets gets*

large enough, there will be tampering with the games.

It will not be done in the clumsy manner of the "Black Sox" World Series scandal years ago. The late Arnold Rothstein, king of Broadway gamblers, was credited with backing that "fix."

In the first place, no World Series or Sunday game fixes will be attempted. Saturday afternoon games in which the two teams seem evenly matched, is more practicable.

The sucker bets will be enticed by offering odds a bit higher than the baseball handicappers figure the game is worth. If the backers of the home team should lay the odds of 6 to 5, the "send out" odds will be posted as even money. That brings out the larceny in the bettors, who think they are "stealing" the price.

After the volume of money is bet on the home team, all that is necessary for the fix is to get the pitcher to toss a couple of "home-run balls," or have the catcher make a wild throw with men on bases. That settles the game. The visiting team wins, and the bookmakers keep the money bet on the home team.

The "sure-thing" artists can well afford to pay \$20,000 for the slow pitch or the wild throw, if they handle 100 Grand to the game.

With the opening of the season each Spring, the ball clubs make a half-hearted effort to clean up the open gambling in the reserved seat sections. Two or three notorious bookmakers are arrested and fined \$25 for disorderly conduct.

If a real clean-up of week-day gamblers were made at the ball parks, there would be no one to buy the reserved seats. Also the publicity would be bad for baseball which likes to point a holier-than-thou finger at other sports where heavy money changes hands.

When the betting is heavy, always remember that a fix may be in . . . so lay off . . . especially from the "pro" gamblers, who usually operate from reserved seats or boxes. And these gentlemen of chance have the odds for every play during a game. Your best bet is to just enjoy the game . . . whether it is fixed . . . or not.



"May I have your autograph, please?"



"She always goes in with her steno book, but I've never seen her type a letter."



*"Mind if I take a couple of my other wives with us
on our honeymoon?"*



"I feel so much safer with you driving, dear!"



STRICTLY ON THE MOOCH

by roger winesap

• ARTICLE •

The "Cuppa Coffee" Brigade Has Its Hobos
and Stumblebums, But Shrewd Traders Have
Made a Million-Dollar Racket Out of the
Hand-Out



THE top-hatted playboy swaggered out of the swanky Park Avenue hotel to be accosted by a beggar. Brushing the down-and-outer aside with a nasty word, he stepped into his waiting limousine.

As the car drove away, the beggar turned to the liveried doorman who was standing at respectful attention and snapped:

"Oscar! Remind me to raise that guy's rent tomorrow!"

This story may not be true: not all the metropolitan fakers "on the mooch" own Park Avenue hotels. But the recent arrest of Nicholas Olskewsky, 54, shows how easy it is to make money in the city without benefit of regular work.

Olskewsky was arrested in a Broadway subway station for putting a slug in the turnstile. Shaggy, unshaven, his clothes all ragged and misfit, Olskewsky was such an object of pity that arresting officer Wallace Matters hated to take him in. The cop felt a natural sympathy for the hundreds of hobos who use one ruse or another to sleep in the subway. And this one looked so hungry and hopeless!

In the police station Olskewsky wept. He was poor, he said, an old man and friendless. That was why he was picked out of so many subway "passers" to be persecuted—

Then the police searched him.

First, from a secret pocket of his grimy pants they drew an ancient wallet containing \$691. Some of the bills were so old as to be illegible.

From other pockets and the lining of his coat, came bank books issued by Brooklyn savings banks. The deposits totaled \$47,830! The police also found more slugs.

"He carried \$691 and four slugs, for small change," said Patrolman Matters.

Broadway, of course, offers the choicest pickings of any big town Main Street. That was shown by the arrest of Annie Goldman, August 12, in Philadelphia. Annie's only mistake was in confining her operations to the Quaker City. When the police marron searched through this old beggar's musty petticoats, a mere \$2,893 came to light.

Broadway's famous "Crying Mary" does far better. In fact, the boys in front of Lindy's insist that she nets a double-saw (\$20) for every trip up the Gay Way from 43rd to 52nd. She approaches only the wise guys. Tears run down her cheeks. She is beaten, sick, starving—her baby is dying of typhoid—on and on. The boys were onto her years ago,

but it's known as "good luck" to stake Crying Mary.

She could have owned Park Avenue hotels many times over—but for an incurable yen to play \$50 parlays.

Most of the young men moochers start as "ding-bats," the ones who sneak up behind you and whine in your ear. Then, as confidence grows, they advance to "banging the stem"—the head-on, or brazen, approach.

Higher grades, like the "leaning towers" and the "executives" base their work on psychology and suckerology. By clever acting they force the "clients" to give without solicitation.

Broadway falls specially hard for leaning towers like Whiskery Sam. He stands drooling down his beard, indescribably filthy, swaying with hunger, staring into the restaurant window. He never begs. He doesn't have to. Superstitious nightlifery force money on him.

Sam leaned for 10 years in front of a place near 52nd Street. Then a rival proprietor lured him away. At the new restaurant, the gamblers and hot torpedoes delight in calling Sam inside to sit with their parties—stinking, crawling dirty that he is. It's lucky.

The old place that Sam left folded in 3 months!

But all the clever moochers aren't lucky for the places they haunt. During the late depression, a smart woman "executive" established herself in front of the Harriman Bank, on Fifth Avenue.

Shivering in a sleazy shawl, huddling against the granite buttresses, she made a great show of feeding garbage to her two ragged babies as the winter winds howled around them. She must have gotten rich in one season. But the bank failed within the year.

In one of New York's periodical campaigns against professional beggars, Welfare Commissioner William Hodson said that the yearly take of this



LO MENDOLO

"He hates to be disturbed in the middle of a piece."

racket is \$15,000,000. That estimate, however, includes monies given to genuinely blind and crippled who can not be classed with the smooth fakers who pretend infirmity.

In a recent Manhattan arrest, a phoney "blind" team working the saloons along Third Avenue had become so high on the good-cheer en route that they commenced fighting over the spoils.

When collared, the lead man claimed that he usually played the "blind" part, wearing the dark glasses and carrying the tin cup. But his partner had complained when receipts dropped to \$20 that day. So he had changed places, just to prove that he wasn't knocking down out of the cup.

The familiar moocher, Lloyd Edens, worked Broadway theatre crowds without solicitation. Edens is rated as an "executive", one of the aristocracy of beggarmdom. Police investigators claimed Lloyd made from \$35 to \$45 per day.

When finally arrested, he was found to have a wife and two children living in good style in a suburban apartment. He also kept a "change room" in a Times Square hotel, where he was rated as a liberal tipper. Among other luxuries, he had a valet who helped him into his begging outfit.

After a judge sentenced him to exile from Broadway, Edens first reported to probation officers from a Florida resort; later from the Pacific Coast.

Recently, a pitifully shabby man of 65 walked into a Sands Street restaurant in Brooklyn and asked for a glass of water. The counterwoman was so touched that he started to draw coffee. But as he offered it, the "bum" slumped to the floor, dead from a heart attack. When police searched the man's clothes for identification they found \$4,937

in bills and a silver medal bearing the name "George Dart."

The practice of using "change rooms" makes it difficult for authorities to trace the families of smart beggars who die suddenly, or who are arrested, with large sums on their persons.

The "executives" leave comfortable homes each day, like other business men, then change into their begging costumes and scars and deformities, in boarding house or hotel rooms kept for the purpose. In that way the families and neighbors know nothing of their profession.

Women beggars, on the other hand, seldom use change rooms. They have long since discarded the old horror routines. For example, "Still Single Carrie," one of the most successful of the unfair sex.

Carrie stations herself on the subway stairs, made up as the buxom housewife. As prospects approach, she searches in her handbag for the nickel. Finding none, she asks the passerby for money—and gets it. If the client is a young man—Carrie is 40—she calls after him:

"Don't forget—I'm still single—looking for a husband."

That is her trade-mark. And many a Broadway smart gee has *tried* to marry Carrie for her money.

One of the best of the women "executives", known as Grandma Hannah, came to a tragic end in a Broadway cafeteria. Made up as a nice old lady, shabby but genteel, she would sit in the cafeteria until someone left a scrap of bread on a plate. As the person rose to leave, she would snatch the scrap and wolf it down as if starving.

One day she grabbed half a roll that a young

man left as he went to the washroom. She crammed it down her throat in the old routine.

But the young man didn't notice. He had spread cyanide paste on his roll, to commit suicide. The same wagon took them both to The Morgue.

Dingbats, stem-bangers, leaning-towers, executives—all the fakers and moochers who take 15 million dollars a year from wise New Yorkers. But none of them approach the finesse of "Pete the Crust," top-man of the gay nineties.

Pete's act was the classic of them all. He had learned it as a youth in college, reading from the Greek about the tricks used by beggars in ancient Athens.

Pete made himself up as a white-haired old man, desperately poor but too proud to beg. In the early evening he planted his props in front of the theatre housing the biggest hit.

When the performance was over, happy people swelled out onto the sidewalk. Pete waited until they were all around him. Then, with a choking cry, he dived into the gutter almost under the horses' hoofs.

He groveled for a minute in the muck, then came up holding a dirty crust of bread. He forced it into his mouth with both hands, grunting and growling like a starving beast. When the last filthy crumb was gone he looked around sheepishly, ashamed of his want—

The people who showered coins and bills on Pete the Crust were seeing better acting than the show inside. But they didn't know it.

Pete never swallowed any of the mess—merely rubbing it over his face until it crumbled and fell to the ground.



"Six more bottles, please!"

Cook's Tour to FORTUNE

by jay pierre fernald

• ARTICLE •

Learn To Cook If You Want To Move Into That Higher Income Bracket—It's Easier Than Chasing Ambulances And There's Practically No Competition At All

REMEMBER how you used to hang around the kitchen on those wintry Saturdays, as a boy, when you could have been outdoors getting your little nose bashed in at hockey? And how you kept up a running fire of questions?

Not that you really wanted to learn about Mother's cooking. The questions were merely a smoke screen while you took hot doughnuts from the pan where she had put them to cool. You always used to ask her "why" when she flattened the pie-crust with two deft strokes of the rolling pin, and no more.

"Pie crust mustn't be rolled," she always answered. "The more you roll it, the tougher it gets."

Too bad you didn't pay attention and really learn to cook like Mother when you were a boy. Or would that have been too much like sissy stuff? Maybe it would have been at that, if you consider earning \$25,000 a year sissified!

Herbert Manners Angstrom, management authority, is reported as saying: "\$25,000 a year is not too much to pay for a master cook who is both honest and capable."

Not all competent men-cooks get \$25,000 a year. Some work for as little as \$100 a week. Although you could hardly call their jobs physical "work," since they have helpers to do everything but the planning and ordering.

On the other hand, some really great cooks have made a great deal more than \$25,000 a year. Consider the late George Lamaze. If you've ever been anywhere outside of Squinch Center, Manitoba, you've heard of the Restaurants Lamaze in Hollywood, Miami, and New York; you have seen "Cuisine Under the Direction of George Lamaze," at Saratoga's swanky "Brook Club"; and, "This Hotel Under the Personal Direction of Mr. Lamaze," in other extravagant resorts.

No so long ago, before the death of Mr. Lamaze, one Broadway columnist reported: "George Lamaze heads the new \$3,000,000 syndicate planning to buy the ——— Hotel in the Quaker City."

George Lamaze was one of the greatest cooks of his time.

One waiter who recalls the old days of the "Pre-Cat Cafe" and the "Pekin," says, "I recall George Lamaze as an actor and hooper. He was a well-liked young fellow around Broadway, but he never had much luck in getting stage work. One summer, as I remember, things looked very bad, so George worked up an idea. He rented a cottage at Long Beach and invited as guests a few big names in the sports world.

"That was when Broadway found out George Lamaze could cook. His name was the topic of conversation when these men returned to town in the fall. In a short time George received handsome offers from every restaurateur and night club manager in the city."

Perhaps the old waiter's story is colored by the glamour of passing time, but the fact remains that Lamaze did get a tremendous following among worthwhile people. At the end of his life, he was directing vast hotel enterprises all over the country.

Many people live to enjoy food. Such people who have the money search out the best. No price

fortunately, most modern cooks are food-spoilers. The cooking job was thrust upon them. They were waiters, bus-boys, counter men, or checkers who had to fill in on a moment's notice. The cooks who make the greatest progress today are the men who have learned to order, and to organize, like George Lamaze. Big chains snap them up, if they do not choose to be independent.

The story of Broadway's Leo Lindy is an interesting one. An immigrant boy in 1913, he worked himself up to the owner of one of the most famous restaurants in the world. Lindy is reported to have said recently, "I never fed Diamond Jim Brady, but I'd match him to Carl Laemmle and actor Hardy Wardell, who understudies Al Jolson, any time! That Wardell—there was a man who could eat! One time, to win a bet, he ate a whole roast turkey in my place, a full dinner besides, and topped it off with 100 crullers for dessert."

The demand for cooks is affected little by business peaks and valleys. People always eat. Even during the depression, when the world was overcrowded with underpaid professional men of all kinds, the cooks went right along making a good living.

Our educators are just beginning to glimpse the possibilities for training men cooks. New York University was among the first to offer a course in cooking for men, but the course has had little publicity. There was only the mild statement made by Miss Gladys Under, director, when the course was opened: "Men sometimes make the best cooks."

Whether or not they make the best cooks, it is they who are wanted for responsible positions. Few big organizations care to gamble with a woman's instability in such an important matter.

So teach your boy to cook, if you want to prepare him for a depression-weathering field where the competition is low-grade. Beware of the kind of books from which he studies. He might be led astray if he tries to learn from Nazarov's "Halcyon Days in the Urals," from which I quote the following directions for cooking the musky capercaillie fowl:

"Draw and clean your bird. Rub the inside all over thoroughly with salt, pepper, mustard and garlic. Stuff it with onions, chestnuts and oysters. Sew it up and bury it in the ground for 24 hours. Then dig it up and wash it well and let it soak in milk for 12 hours; then in vinegar for 10.

"After that, skin it, lard it well and roast over a slow fire for half an hour. Steam it for 3 hours, and butter it well all over. Then, give it to the dog if he will eat it—for nobody else could!"



is too high for them to pay the man who can give them what they want. Hotel dynasties rise and fall on the quality of food. Isolated restaurants flourish while others nearby die off, simply because of a good cook. Many unattractive clubs attract a following to their barn-like dining rooms, because the food is first class. Good eaters follow the good cooks from one place to another. It is this that gives the cook power over his employer to demand gigantic salaries.

Big eaters are loud in bragging about their favorite food. On this assumption a competent cook can get backing as soon as he establishes that he is a good cook. This is true, even if he starts in a little hamburger stand by the stage door alley. Unfor-



"Do I have to reveal ALL?"



"Did I tell you what I did with a queen last night?"



"As long as I stay in here, I'm safe!"



"Isn't it wonderful, dear? Alben's learned to make fire by rubbing two sticks together!"



"Busy?"



"What do those rings remind you of?"



"Something tells me there's a woman mixed up in it somehow."



"Bertha, you're different!"



"Good! I'm glad nobody's home."



"Luke, run over to the village and get a can of salmon!"



"Do you repair brakes?"



"Please be careful with that water. The roof leaks!"



"Oh, pardon me! I was expecting my husband!"

CAFE GIRL

—GETTING IT THE HARD WAY

by berdon jessup

• ARTICLE •

When That Sexy Little Entertainer Joins You For A Snifter, Don't Think She's Fallen For Your Charles Boyer Look—She's Just Following Orders From The Boss

THE proprietor of the Gilded Slipper phones Jim Lamson, a Broadway agent. "I want three spitterbackers for a week's work. \$25 per or \$18 plus 20% cut on liquor and food. O.K.?"

"Sure," Lamson says. "I'll send them around first thing tomorrow."

A spitterbacker is an entertainer who knows how to "spit back" her liquor after she's downed all she can hold of the drinks which customers buy her. The usual way this is managed is to order a jigger of whiskey with soda on the side. The whiskey is artfully held in the mouth until deposited in the soda. Then the co-operative waiter brings in some fresh soda before the customer can grow suspicious.

The first two girls assigned to the Gilded Slipper job are old-timers who know the ropes. The third is Joan. This is her first job. She's bluffed Lamson into believing she's had experience. Joan was always blonde and pretty. So her mother saved pennies from the food money and sent her to dancing school. She learned to tap instead of type and now she has her first job as a line girl.

But not in a Broadway musical or a big-time hot-spot as she had hoped. That would come later—perhaps. Meanwhile, for \$25 a week, she does five shows a night at the Gilded Slipper, a third-rate downtown bar and grill; \$25 a week, less 10% which goes to Lamson as her agent. She gets a cut on the food and liquor which customers are willing to buy her when she sits at their table—and it's usually liquor, since there is bigger profit for the proprietor in drinks.

Since this is a mixing job, like a good 65% of all available entertainment work in New York, a customer's request is a command. Joan is young and pretty. She wants to keep her job in order that a big-time agent can see her and recognize her talents. So she obligingly runs up the liquor bills for the management. Her stomach isn't educated and she's not experienced enough to have learned the art of spitting-back. On her second night, she passes out cold while the line is doing its stuff—and she's fired!

You think there is glamour in the life of the entertainer—from chorus girl to the principals who do a solo singing or dancing act? I'm afraid not! I'm talking about the run of the mill entertainer now, not the big-time stars who get to the top because of exceptional talent, exceptional breaks, or exceptional pull. The average entertainer will never get to the top. She has little talent, and she'll never even average as much money the year round as a competent stenographer.

The entertainer can't just go into a nightclub or bar and get a job. Each agent has his "spots". The proprietor tells him what acts he wants and what salary he's willing to pay. The agent has it all very neatly sewed up—and it's to him that entertainer must go. Joan, getting her first job at 18, was lucky. The average age for her profession is 25 to 35 years, since it takes time to acquaint the agents with your work and to persuade them to try you out.

Legally the agent is entitled to a 5% commission. 10 is accepted as the customary cut, however. But

—and here's the rub—the entertainer has no way of checking on what actually is being paid for her services and all too frequently it is apt to be 20% or 30% that the agent is keeping for himself.

Mary Alcott, a singer, recently got a week's work out of town. Her agent told her the job paid \$35. Out of this she had to pay her room and board. Pleased with her work, the proprietor asked her to stay on another week. Mary replied that she was sorry but living expense were high in that town and she wasn't able to save enough to make it worth-



"Take your hands off me, you fresh thing!"

while. "Not able to save on \$50 a week," the boss exclaimed. That was when she realized that the agent was getting \$15 plus 10% on the alleged \$35.

Not that the girls don't know, as a rule, when they're being rooked. If the agent is playing straight, he allows the girl to be paid directly and to give him his commission herself. If he's keeping more than 10%, he has the boss pay *him* and he pays off the girl. And there's nothing she can do about it—not if she wants that agent to continue booking her. She can't risk being blacklisted.

Many agents are themselves ex-entertainers, broken-down musicians and M. C.'s. The chiselers

are dependent on fifty cent and one dollar fees. When the quantity falls down, they try to make it up on the girls. Because agents seldom contact the entertainers, the poor kids must make the rounds of the agencies as a regular part of their working routine. They do this even while they're employed. Jobs last only a few days, a week or two at most.

The entertainer has a longer working day than the stenographer or filing clerk. She spends several hours each day looking for work, and the average job will start at 7 P.M. and run through until 2 or 3 A.M. Her pay is smaller, too. If she's energetic and lucky, she'll make an average of \$20 a week. And out of this must come upkeep for her wardrobe. She can't afford not to be well dressed. Her street clothes must be smart so that agents will think she's successful. She must have good looking evening clothes if she's a singer, or costumes if she's a dancer, to attract the big-time agent or talent scout if he happens to stumble into this third-rate spot.

Mixing with customers is prohibited by the alcohol and beverage commission which will revoke the liquor license for any violations. Few complaints are registered, though—again because the entertainer is afraid of trouble. Fewer jobs outside New York call for mixing. Within the city, however, most available jobs require the entertainer to sit with any customer who asks for her. Even in the swanky nightclubs and hotels, mixing goes on, only it's referred to more politely as "having a following".

Since most spots call for mixing and since a mixing job pays better, most entertainers eventually go in for drinking and eating with the customers. Indeed, the experienced and disillusioned performer, confident of her ability to hold her liquor, will frequently contract to work for a small fixed salary plus a percentage of the liquor take.

There are types of mixers. Most do it as a necessary means to an end. Others like it because they're naturally gregarious and actually enjoy the company of the customers . . . and the food. Some of the girls have gone hungry too often to be able to resist a free steak dinner no matter how many times in an evening it's offered. The worst type of mixers, of course, are those who just like to bend the elbow, and for them, mixing is an advantage.

In summer hotel jobs, mixing is always required. These jobs are for room and board plus a fixed salary ranging from \$50 to \$500 for the entire season. On these jobs, the entertainer must mix with the *women* guests and stay away from the eligible men. A breach of this rule and she's out on her ear. The manager can't afford to have mamas with marriageable daughters antagonized.

Mary Alcott, the same singer who was so neatly rooked by her agent, had a job in a Catskill summer hotel two years ago. A bachelor with "a good steady job" began to pay attention to her. Said bachelor had been staked out as legitimate prey by a mama for her own daughter. So mama went to the manager and kicked up a fuss about goings-on and the hussy being seen in the man's room late at night. The paying guest had her (*Continued on page 59*)



*"You can take them all back to the five-and-ten and collect
a dollar and eighty cents."*



*"Ixnay, Butch! . . . With them kind of dames you'd spend
a whole month's allowance in one evening."*



“What can I do? A man has to make a living, Mrs. Tupper!” *“And the payoff is, I’ve been assigned to the cavalry!”*



“Can you swim, Mr. Kogan?”

FASHIONS

for MEN

by franklyn grant



DON'T point that bespangled brow at me, friend! If you're still carrying that steam-heated serge, that dank heavyweight felt and those 44-ounce full brogues from home (frying-pan) to office (fire) and back again . . . you'll find compassion in the lexicon, not in this column.

A few years ago I had complete sympathy for the martyred disdainers of the "featherweight" suit and its weird accessories, the glue-filled sennit, the Gibson-man "sports" shirt, the peculiar pedal sheaths, et al. In those days the lightweight suit was understandably an object of revulsion to the fastidious male, resembling something between a well-dampened bathtowel and Aunt Agatha's third-best tea apron. Cut with the subtlety of a burlap bag, and reduced to limp discouragement by its first hour's exposure to the miasmatic vapors of Wall or 57th Streets, the "tropical" worsted of the early thirties and before was indeed the stuff nightmares are made of.

But a merciful Providence (considerably assisted by some public-spirited textile manufacturers and merchant-tailors) relented a few seasons ago and began to provide suffering males with marvelous new, firmer weaves that are not only cooler than the old tropicals, but actually tailored with the precision of your winter-weight woolens, from which the finished suits are almost impossible to distinguish as far as looks and shape-holding qualities are concerned. These crisp, comfortable, becoming get-ups need make no apologetic obeisances in the direction of the weather man, and are now produced in wide ranges of shade and pattern, from soberly conservative to rakishly gay. And though accessories of measurably comfortable and handsome character have taken a little longer to get in step, they, too, are now full comrades of the lightweight revolution.

All this has been going on for several summers . . . and yet there are plenty of men who still hold grimly to the "all-year-weight" ensemble. Whether they just can't believe in heaven and good works, or haven't heard the tidings till now, I don't know. For the latter, maybe these words will apprise them at last. For the former, maybe they'll believe their own eyes.

Cast your glance athwart the jaunty gent striding blithely along at the left. *You* think he's just clipped a few coupons and is on his way to a date at "21" with a Powers model. Well, you're wrong. Not that his smart, trim and urbane front doesn't rate such glamorous company. But as a matter of record, he's on his way home for a short, cool one, a light, leisurely dinner and an easy-chair session with the latest whodunit. A pleasant prospect, but not enough to account for all that cheerfulness. Not to keep you in suspense, the whole thing can be written off to supreme clothes-comfort during an August swelterer, in spite of a non-air-conditioned office, a full day and a difficult client.

Item: That suit is made of an incredibly wonderful mohair-and-worsted fabric that combines coolth with an uncompromising hostility toward wrinkles and pucker. Even the unavoidable swivel-chair-produced creases at elbow, back of knee and small of back will hang out by tomorrow A.M., if he's reasonably conscientious about

hanging it up properly in a fairly airy spot. He's had it made up in a rather subdued Glen Urquhart plaid, in two tones of blue with lighter blue overplaid. This deathless pattern is having another of its periodic revivals at the moment. The longer, double-breasted jacket is rolled to the lower button, exposing plenty of medium-blue foulard tie with wide spaced narrow stripes in lighter blue. The latter matches in shade the mesh-weave shirt whose wide-spread collar calls for the triangular, Windsor-type knot in the cravat, and the breast-pocket handkerchief. Note that this is *thrust* in—not geometrically folded and inserted with a T-square—and that it protrudes rather farther than it would were a boutonniere being worn at the moment.

Item: The hat is the now-familiar cocoanut straw in pork-pie shape, which bids fair to become as popular and permanent as the snap-brim felt, with the added advantage of a practically limitless choice in color and design of band. This band, a puggree, picks up the colors of the tie, but doesn't look too "matchy" because the irregular folds break up the stripe pattern. Socks are the same shade as the overplaid in the suit, with a fairly elaborate darker clock. (They're held up, incidentally, by open mesh elastic garters with plastic "hardware," a boon to the active calf, and we hope, a final refutation of the garterless partisans, what few of them are left.)

Item: Observe the shoes, in black calf with a very little perforation at tip and sides of upper. Blacks are still best, with medium to dark blues, in town. These look just like those you wear in more moderate seasons, don't they? BUT . . . the perforations go all the way through, providing a welcome aeration system for the toes; and the whole weighs a zephyr-like 26 ounces!

No wonder our friend is lightfooted and light-hearted. His outfit is *pounds* lighter than his non-summer wear . . . and so, consequently, is his whole outlook. Don't stand there and drip, brethren—go thou and perform similarly. The tar-bag yawns hungrily for that steam-heated serge of yours. Get it off, tuck it away for a well-earned hibernation, and ease yourself into summer raiment.

Plot

Brash blade with luggage has inveigled future pop-in-law to the family shack at Murray Bay (27 rooms and 6-car garage) for a long weekend, there to break down his prejudices with products of Haig Freres and Schweppes, at judicious intervals between bursts of luscious living.

Since pop-in-law is a discriminating bird, our juvenile lead's smartly casual rig-out has already begun the thawing process. He wears a buttonless pullover in one of the new soft-finished washable rayon fabrics, this one in rust color. It could have been tucked into the slacks, if he hadn't had to rush to meet the early train, but luckily it looks equally well in or out; then, too, the pockets are available when thus exposed. The slacks, in one of the deeper sand shades, are flannel and not too narrow at the cuff, of which prospective father approves, having recently become nettled at the super-pegged pantaloons some of the more unre-



strained cubs have been sporting. The white wool socks, with bold rust-and-green overplaids, disconcert him a little, but he expansively (albeit somewhat wistfully) puts them down to youthful exuberance, and looks on down with unmitigated admiration at Hank's sport shoes of moccasin cut, the upper in a bamboo-like openwork weave, the soles in thick red rubber with ropy tread.

And now that we're sure Hank has "got over" with pop, let's pass on to the older man, who while more subtly attired, can give Hank a few strokes and still beat him to the wire. Being a little fed up on color in sports clothes at the moment (which doesn't mean color isn't still plenty important in the fashion scene) he has had his tailor whip up an easy-fitting shetland sport jacket in a neat black-and-white pincheck, with which he wears dark grey slacks, also in shetlands. The jacket has a straight back and short center vent, natural shoulders, flapped patch pockets and notched lapels rolling softly down to the second of three buttons, exhibiting part of a pearl-grey v-neck pullover, white oxford shirt with button-down collar, and maroon-and-grey hand-blocked linen four-in-hand. The maroon is picked up again in the foulard silk breastkerchief and in the ribbed lisle hose. Triumphant touch are the grey reverse calf blucher oxfords, which, while not too easy to find, pay off for the trouble by being superlatively right with this costume. Skypiece: a lightweight grey felt, low tapered crown telescoped without the usual front pinch, with plain black band and generous, but not smothering, brim.

The unusual and indubitably new black-and-white jacket, which keys the whole outfit, is a versatile article. Though obviously a "natural" for the grey-haired man, the younger man can wear it with

aplomb as well. Not the least of its advantages is the fact that it presents no haberdashery problems—almost anything in socks, shirts, ties and hats, as long as they get along amicably with each other, looks well with this coat.

Shetland, incidentally, is gaining tremendously in popularity, particularly in resorts more northerly in latitude, such as the aforementioned Murray Bay, Lake Louise, and the like. Its soft handle and appropriately informal character make some men prefer it to crisper tweeds. An interesting recent development in shetlands is a combination of plain coat and checked or striped trousers, my own choice being the striped number, with the stripes in the same ground color as the coat. The Joseph's coat is still good this year and can be found in a goodly variation of stripes, also in shetland.

Tops in outing coats for some years, for those able to stand the cost—have been those in pure cashmere, the nearest thing to the mythical Golden Fleece this side of Bullfinch. Trousers to match or contrast in the same material, however, were never attempted till recently, for they were too soft in pure cashmere to hold shape and to press. This luxurious fabric has now been reinforced successfully with a small amount of worsted, and it is now possible to get a full cashmere suit, which makes the ultimate in country clothes. On my desk, as I stab at the Royal, is a sample of a silky-soft cashmere suiting in rather bright blue, similar to the horizon, with a black herringbone imposed in a small pattern; the whole giving that quietly heavy-ducated look. I can see the trousers of this material with an odd white coat, and conversely, the coat of the suit with odd slacks. Not *too* odd, though, don't embarrass this aristocratic cloth by teaming it with anything like blue

denim, which is all right in its own way but hardly in the same county with real cashmere.

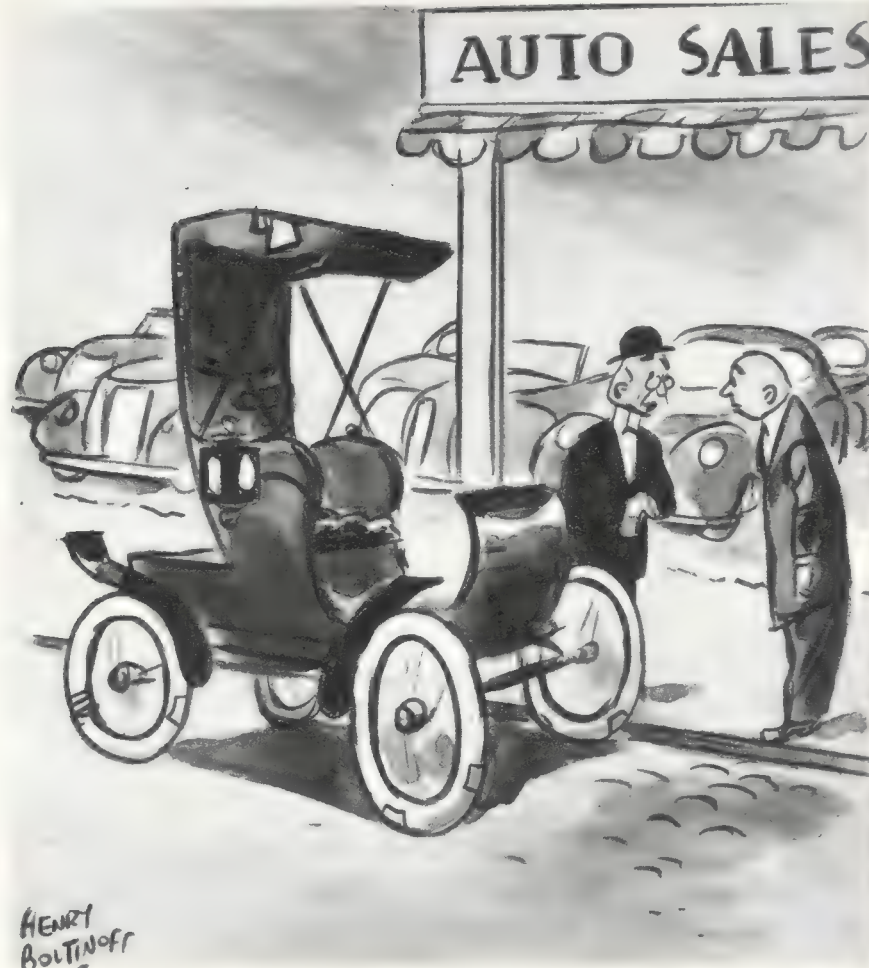
Midsummer Nuptials

The nervous benedict-to-be above was certainly in a more rational frame of mind when he planned his regalia, or we'd be beholding him in a ski-suit rather than the slick and newsworthy appointments he's about to disarrange. Since it's a formal wedding, the regulation cutaway is indicated, of course; the turndown collar might have been a wing but is a little smarter for the younger man than the ever-correct gates-ajar number. White linen waistcoat, a correct choice, and cool, but from there on the notes are more enlivening. Note the tie. Rejecting the ascot as something to be worn with more distinction when pearly threads appear at the temples, and the four-in-hand as less festive than the occasion would call for, our friend has procured for his Adam's apple a bow tie of black-and-white houndstooth check worsted, giving a super-silvery effect, the pattern being too small to discern a few feet away. His trousers repeat the houndstooth check in larger size, making a pleasant and interesting change from the more usual striped worsted, and looking, somehow, cooler.

That gloater, the best man, has been instructed to make his appearance in light grey sharkskin trousers and grey four-in-hand to match—and does, to everybody's amazement. The fellow is a chronic dissenter and cynic, but even he agreed with so sensible and sprightly an idea. His waistcoat is white linen, too, but single breasted, as against the groom's double. To remain in character, however, he put thumbs down on linen spats, thinking them warm and smacking too much (*Continued on page 59*)



"It won't help you, Miss. I must give out twenty tickets today."



"I'd like to trade this in for a 1915 model."



"No, no! B! B, as in bounce!"



“Ha, ha! I fooled you that time, Mr. Slatz!”



"Hurrah! My divorce went through all right!"



"He used to buy old clothes."



"Why, no! I wouldn't hide anything from you!"

Blind Date

by robert kanigher

• FICTION •

JUST to set you straight I'm the bootblack at the Lexington Avenue entrance to Grand Central Station. The one near the hack stands. When business gets slow I look around and watch the people hurry in and out and try to figure out where they're going. Maybe that's a hangover from the time I used to write for the school magazine, before I had to leave school, that is. Anyway I can mostly tell from the kind of bags they're carrying what's on their minds.

It's funny, though, that the heavier the bags the happier the people seem to act. You should see them staggering, with their arms full, but with a grin on their faces that keeps spreading like melting butter the nearer they get to the trains.

Now take the people with little bags. They usually walk slower, like they've got a lot of black thoughts in their minds that are pouring to their feet like lead. Besides that, their eyes are watching the floor and their lips are moving like they are talking things over with themselves and finding out it tastes bitter. They're the kind of people I am mostly interested in. Maybe it's because they're behind the eight ball. Anyway they never seem to have time enough for a shine, so I never get near enough to hear them, and have to guess everything about them; what's happened to them and what they're going to do about it.

That's the game I play; only sometimes I'd like to know what my average is. Am I picking them right?

Things are going on like this when two men stop in front of me for a shine. I'm sure they're the eight ball kind. One of them is carrying a small bag. That clinches it for me.

This is my chance to find out what I'm batting

in this league I dreamed up, so after I open the bottle of brown liquid polish, I take my time about smearing it on. I don't want to miss what they're saying.

The shoes I'm patting dry now with the rag are cordovan, good stuff too. Looking up I see who's filling them. A young man, tall and thin, with a white streak in the middle of his black hair. He looks like he's been around, too much, too quick—and too hard. But that's none of my business. I like his face anyway, there's something there all right.

So I lift up his pants cuff not to smear any polish on it. The man with him is the one who's carrying the little bag. He's the Lewis Stone type, if you get what I mean. I listen when he puts his hand on my customer's shoulder and says;

"What have you decided, Paul? Your life depends upon what you're going to do ten minutes from now?"

So that's his name—Paul. It fits. I tap him softly as a sign I'm ready to take his other shoe. He fumbles around a bit, but I put his shoe on the foot rest myself, careful like, not to throw him off balance. I can feel how excited he is. His leg's shaking, I'm rubbing some Griffin's Ox Blood on the toe, when I see Paul's face get pale as he says:

"Arnold—I can't do it!"

The Lewis Stone type gives him a queer look as he says, "You've got to make up your mind one way or the other, Paul. It's up to you."

"It's like committing hari-kari!" Paul grits.

Now I'm mad for a minute. I don't know what this "hari-kari" is. That's what I get for not finishing school. Maybe it's important, and because I don't know what it means it might throw me off so I won't get the drift of what they're saying? But the other man, the Lewis Stone type, "Arnold" Paul called him, steered me right again when he says:

"You must love her very much, Paul."

It's about a woman. I'm losing my interest when Paul almost jerks his shoe away as he says quickly like, breathing hard.

"If I don't leave her I'll drag her through a life of misery with me. If I do, it's the black pit for me, alone!"

I'm mixed up enough now to really become interested again. I put polish on the back of the shoe above the heel, something I have never done before, so there's more to shine, and they'll have to stay longer. I'm listening as Paul starts talking again.

"But what if she won't come? What if she—what if she doesn't feel the same?"

Arnold pats him on the back of the neck softly, like you'd do to a frightened little pup.

"She'll come," he says. "You know she will."

"Yes," Paul says, sort of dreamy like. "She will. Naomi will come. She's like that, like light. She'll come because—because she is Naomi. The least I can do is—"

It's what he didn't say that made Arnold snap to attention as if he knew what Paul was thinking.

"You can't do it, Paul," he says.

"But I've decided," Paul answers him. "I won't do this to her. She'll never know. I can act well enough for that. It will hurt her," but not as much as if I stayed."

"You can't," Arnold says again.

"It will be the only kind thing I've ever done for her," Paul says. "Don't leave me without it. Don't let me be weak again and hurt her."

"But she's your wife," Arnold argues. They've forgotten all about me. I freeze, so they won't notice me.

"Let me be a husband this once," Paul says. "She's been everything that was fine and gentle in my life, while I've brought nothing but pain and shame to her. For a year now we haven't seen or heard of each other. That was the plan. That's why I went to that damned island with you, where among other things I learned how much Naomi really meant to me." Paul laughs, just moving his mouth. That's not laughing. I can tell.

"Paul—" Arnold says, as if he don't know what else to say.

"Without me there's a chance for a new life for her," Paul says.

"She deserves it; it's her right. It was a crazy idea to agree to meet after the year was over, to see if I was changed enough for us to start all over again."

"But—Paul—you can start over!" Arnold says. "Your helping me with the natives on the island did something to you, inside. Things are different. Different, Paul!"

"Yes," Paul says. "Things are different now." The way he says that makes me cold inside. I watch his lips tightening into a thin white line that gets thinner and whiter all the time.

"What time is it?" Paul asks suddenly. Arnold shifts the little bag from one hand to another to look at his wrist watch.

"It's five to twelve," he answers.

"Five more minutes," Paul says. "Five more minutes . . ."

I can see that Arnold can see that it is hopeless. "What do you want me to do?" he asks not looking at Paul as if he is afraid to see Paul's face.

"Listen," Paul says. "To the right of the Information Desk, against the wall at the side, is a seat. That's the meeting place. You'll leave me there. When Naomi comes I want to be alone with her for just a few minutes. I've got to have that." He stops—then begins again.

"When I get up and pass my right hand across my forehead, hurry over as fast as you can."

"What shall I say?"

"Say we have an appointment. Say it's important. Say we have to hurry. By that time I'll have made her think that I haven't changed. That I don't—don't care for her anymore," Paul says.

"And how do you think she'll feel," Arnold says. "She'll sit there for a while," Paul says, "after we leave, looking after us. Then she'll go away."



"Do you always have to bring along a chaperon?"

And after a while, she'll be able to pick up where she left off, before she met me."

"And what about you—?" Arnold says.

"I'll remember . . ." Paul says, so low I can hardly hear him.

Arnold shrugs, then looks down at me as if seeing me for the first time. It's lucky I have the polishing rag in my hand. I smack it across the soles of Paul's shoes until they shine like mirrors. No matter what he's going into, his shoes won't tell on him.

"That's a very good shine," Arnold says, and hands me a quarter. I thank him and want to give him change, but he waves it away. I thank him again, and watch him and Paul disappear into the Station when a hack pulls up in front of me with the brakes jammed on so hard I can smell the rubber burning. I don't have to look twice to see it's Wildcat O'Hallahan, who plays this spot steady. He's got a fare. He pushes the door open from the driver's seat, and a woman steps out, carrying a little bag. You'd say, if she looked like anyone, she looked like the kind of a lady that'd be Lewis Stone's wife, if you get what I mean.

"Will you be good enough to tell me how I can get to the Information Booth in Grand Central Station as quickly as possible?" she asks Wildcat O'Hallahan.

I can tell she's not a real New Yorker by the way she speaks out everything instead of shortening it.

While Wildcat O'Hallahan tells her, I see the girl she's with, stepping out of the cab, slow like, like she's walking in a dream. Margaret Sullivan, Norma Shearer, she's that type. The kind that makes you get a lump in your throat when they're crying.

"What time is it, Mary?" she asks, looking straight ahead of her.

"Almost twelve. We'll have to hurry if you're to meet Paul on time, Naomi," says the one called Mary.

And then the whole thing hits me between the eyes.

As they walk into the station I leave my box with Wildcat O'Hallahan and follow them. I hurry up close enough behind them so I can hear what they're saying. This is going to be delicate.

"I've made up my mind," Naomi says.

"You can't do it, child!" Mary says. But you can tell she's just talking into thin air when you look at the set of Naomi's jaw.

"I love Paul enough to do it," Naomi says. "No matter what he's done in the past, I know deep down he's always loved me. That is why I insisted on our complete separation for a year. So he would find that out for himself."

"Then why don't you—" Mary begins but Naomi cuts her off.

"Anything will be better for him than forcing him to live with me!" Naomi says. "That's why I've got to do it. I've got to make him believe I don't love him any more."

"But things are different now," Mary argues.

"Yes, things are different now," Naomi says in the same way that Paul did.

They pass the Parcel Room. The Information Booth is ahead of them. They start turning right.

"He's sitting there," Mary says. Naomi gives a sort of shiver then begins talking fast.

"You'll go over with me," Naomi says. "As soon as I sit down next to him, leave, but stand where you can see me. I'll talk to him—for a few minutes. I've got to have that—to remember the rest of my life." Naomi stops, her lips pressing tighter and tighter. She holds her hand to her side, as if it's hurting her there. Then she says: "When I drop my handkerchief on the floor, that will be the signal for you to hurry over. By that time I'll have convinced him that I don't love him any more, that I met someone else during the year we were separated from each other."

"What shall I say?" asks Mary.

"Say anything. Say we have to meet someone. He'll think it's the other man. It will make him angry. He's so proud. It's best that way. It will hurt hard, but stop quickest."

I watch while Mary takes Naomi over to Paul and watch Paul stand up slow like, and watch Mary go away quick without even looking at Paul. Mary heads straight for the Information Booth and almost bumps into Arnold who's also waiting there. That gives me a laugh, the two of them standing there, with their little bags, and neither one knowing the other. Then I watch while Paul and Naomi just stand next to each other, looking and not looking at each other, and then finally sit down, awkward, like little children.

I know what those two are going to do to each other, so I hustle over to a phone booth and call a certain number. When the Police answer, I put my handkerchief over the mouthpiece and tell them there are a couple of funny looking people hanging around the Information Booth in Grand Central Station. They're a man and a woman, and they're each carrying a little bag. Then I sort of clinch the matter by saying I heard a ticking kind of noise in the bags, that sounds like the cheap alarm clocks

you buy in the drug stores.

There's one thing you've got to hand it to the cops for, they catch on fast. By the time I count a slow fifty in the phone booth, and it's a different phone booth of course, and walk over nice and easy to where Arnold and Mary are standing, I am just in time to see the cops surround them like a Notre Dame huddle and whisk them away.

Then I watch while Naomi drops her handkerchief, and Paul stands up and passes his hand across his forehead. But, of course no Mary or Arnold comes.

Paul gets nervous and starts to walk. But he walks in the wrong direction and trips over Naomi's foot. As he's falling she throws her arms out and falls with him. By this time they're beginning to realize what had happened to both of them. Naomi cries at first, but then Paul makes her laugh. And then both of them are laughing and crying as people rush up and help them to their feet, where they stand with their arms around each other laughing to beat the band.

And of course the people watching them can't understand why two blind people are laughing so hard!



"I just dropped in to show you what your 'TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME' turned out to be!"



"I brought my dog along.
We'll make it a foursome."

CONOVER



"Only three months,
and he's beginning to walk."

L.D. MENDOLO



"I'm sorry, Miss, but I warned you not to use more than one jar!"



"Look, dear! Mr. Brumby snores!"



FASHIONS for MEN

(Continued from page 47)

of Herbert Tareyton. So the groom and the ushers sent theirs back, too.

For the informal country wedding, white flannel in full suits or with navy blue coat is still first choice with many. Accessories should be kept fairly dressy, though; a starched white collar is the least concession you should make to the bride. Shoes can be plain white or black-and-white; I don't quite approve of tan-and-white, though it is worn at times. But no fancy soles, if you will . . . plain leather, not gum or smooth rubber, or rope, or any of the other trickery which is swell any other time but this.

As for neckwear, blue or blue-and-white seems to be most successful, having just enough restraint, without looking like a study in black-and-white. Neckties in stripes or small foulard patterns are good, with blending or matching socks, and perhaps a breast-pocket handkerchief in solid blue or blue-bordered white. The perfect set-up to me, however, is the standard polka dot in dull or satin-finished silk. It has just enough formality, without being actually a formal article of dress. And it looks equally well against either the blue or the white jacket.

Spots Before Your Eyes

This polka-dot business, by the way, is worth a pause and a thought. The mere fact that it's such a familiar item blinds some of us to its usefulness and versatility. I have yet to find a suit pattern which rebelled against it, or a shirt on which it



looked foreign. Get it in evenly-spaced, regular rows, and you have a cravat which is blood-brother to business clothes. Choose one of the group with larger, irregularly spaced or scattered dots, and it's as sporty an accessory as you would wish. I don't mean you must adhere to the classic navy-and-white combination, or to silk fabrics; different color combinations are easy to find, and they're available in lightweight wools and cottons as well as the light and heavy silks. But one or more belongs on every man's tie rack. You might, as I do, keep the polka-dots in a special spot, easily available. The next time you turn off the alarm clock and go back to sleep, you can snatch one as you pass on your belated dash to miss the 9:01 and I'll give you 7 to 5 it'll fit with whatever suit you climb into without looking.

Pre-Dawn Habiliments

In dinner jackets, white still holds its lead, but colors are coming up fast. Next to white, the light greys are in favor, followed closely by the champagne shades. There is a good cornflower blue in the previously-mentioned mohair-and-worsted, which is pretty vivid if you get under way before sundown, but is very good under the moon or not-too-bright artificial light. In accessories, the style news runs to striped ties and cummerbunds (in colors); a range of regimental stripes is specially interesting. But stick to the country clubs and gayer spots with these, wearing them to a church euchre or a reception for a Supreme Court justice will get you looked down the nose at.

CAFE GIRL—GETTING IT THE HARD WAY

(Continued from page 42)

way—and Mary was sent packing.

The customer is always right. The entertainer must put up with drunkenness, rudeness, and the belief that a club sandwich and a slug of scotch entitle him to the run of the ship. This illusion must be dispelled tactfully by the girls, in a way that will keep him coming back for more, a la carte.

The entertainer takes it from the proprietor, too. If he folds up after she's worked for him a week, she can whistle for her money. The union is too weak to be effective in helping the performers adjust grievances, monetary or otherwise.

For instance, a dancer worked at a spot in New Jersey and didn't get along too well with the boss's wife. She was on a two-week contract. Riding home in the bus after the first week, she mentioned to a companion that the wife was a fat, ill-tempered woman. A musician on the bus overheard the conversation, relayed it to the wife, and the dancer was fired—with no pay for the week she had worked or the balance of her contract.

Speaking of Jersey, the discreet entertainer steers clear of cafe work there. The grapevine which exists about "spots" has it that too many of the Jersey nightclubs are run and frequented by mobs. There's been some cleaning up lately, but a year ago several girls were beaten up when they wouldn't consent to a fate much worse than death.

There seems no limit to the ways in which it is possible to cheat these girls and make their life hard. If a club runs an affair, the entertainment committee is allowed a certain sum for outside talent. It takes a cut; the agent takes his cut; the bandleader who recommends the girl takes his cut. So she is left with \$4.50 instead of the \$15 she should be getting.

Why do they put up with it? Why don't they go to the nearest business school and learn to pound a typewriter? Simply because there isn't an entertainer in the world so hammy that she doesn't hope Joe's Bar and Grill, a crooked agent, a tough boss, and a rowdy audience this week will lead miraculously to the Rainbow Room next week. Maybe . . . but I'll put my money on still finding her at Joe's.



"I think there's been a mistake here!"

Super Snooper

by william trevor

• ARTICLE •

The Efficiency Expert Works Hard To Shave Seconds Off Work Habits That You And I Take For Granted—But He's No Hard-Hearted Speed-Up Maniac

THE story goes that, at the funeral of a famous efficiency expert, the corpse sat up in his coffin and laid off five out of the six pallbearers, with instructions to the remaining one to "put this thing on rollers." This is probably an exaggeration—besides, one man would need help on stairs and inclines.

I would like to shatter your exciting but inaccurate notions by explaining in some detail just how we experts go about our job. It's really much simpler than you think.

"Mr. King," we'll suppose you say to me, "I am not efficient." After giving me a moment to recover from this, you go on: "I am lazy, shiftless and a procrastinator. Tell me why I never get things done. Make me efficient."

At this point I probably feel like saying, "Stout fellow. You will probably be very happy and live till ninety. Keep it up." But this would never do. I sharpen my H pencil, press the knob of my decimal stopwatch, and proceed to make a detailed time-study of your activities. Following your every move with watch and pencil, I tabulate thus:

(a) 5:30—Arrive home. Open and read letters.

Criticism: You can read your letters at supper-time, during the soup course.

(b) 5:45—Barge into the kitchen, inquire what's for supper, listen to miscellaneous gossip, comment on same.

Criticism: Eliminate this entirely. You'll soon know what's for supper, and you can hear the gossip while you are reading your letters and drinking your soup, if you drink quietly enough.

(c) 6:05—Wander into living room. Pick up evening paper, run through baseball and wrestling items.

Criticism: Eliminate this. Try to read paper on your way home in subway or train. If not, leave it till after supper.

(d) 6:30—Shave, maybe bath and change.

Criticism: You don't need a shave unless you are going out, or an important caller is coming. Get exact information on this. For the rest, it all depends how fussy you are.

(e) 7:00—Supper.

Criticism: Refer (a) and (b). Masticate thoroughly, thus eliminating post-prandial lethargy.

(f) 7:30—During coffee, have another stab at the paper, express opinions concerning war and Roosevelt, let supper "settle".

Criticism: Stick to your coffee. Who cares what you think of the war? Roosevelt's okay. Reduce this item to 15 minutes.

(g) 8:00—Ask, what's doing tonight?

Criticism: This should be known at 5:30. At this point you may now take 15 minutes to finish your paper and your letters, and to let your supper settle.

Now let's take a look at the revised schedule:

(a) 5:30—Ascertain if shave required; if so, shave.

(b) 5:45—Supper.

(c) 6:15—Newspaper and letters, with coffee, as above.

(d) 6:30—Meal terminated.

You can now settle down to waste the time you saved from 6:30 to 8, or, if you are devilishly determined on being efficient, you can Make Good Use of Your Time.

Simple, isn't it? That is almost exactly how the thing is done in factories.

In factories, it is usual to reward the worker for his efficiency by paying him for a percentage of the extra work done. The old piece-work is rather in disfavor nowadays, probably because it is so difficult to set a piece-work rate exactly right. Nobody has yet figured out how to get the extra effort without paying for it, but they're still trying.

Speaking of bonus, I once encountered a very queer case. This particular plant had a department which was manned, or rather womanned, by legions of lovely females, whose efforts were rewarded on a bonus plan. It was my not uninteresting job to take time-studies on these beautiful creatures, to see if the rates were properly set. After checking a few of the rates, I inquired as to the identity of the philanthropist who set them, for I found that a girl only needed to work about thirty-five minutes every hour to make the average wage then being earned. They told me it was the foreman who set the rates. The girls who had the easiest rates were outstandingly the fairest and oomphiest of the galaxy.

Checking up on the foreman, I found that he had quite a seraglio scattered through the department, and that the bonus-rates were set to include a liberal slice of "appreciation" for personal services rendered! The company were very peeved to learn that they had been spending some \$6,000 a year to promote the *grandes passions* of one of their foremen.

My next job provided a startling change of scene. It was a little manufacturing village in the Province of Quebec in Canada. The first vehicle I saw on leaving my hotel was a big sleigh loaded with logs and drawn by a team of oxen. I was almost shocked to find that such a medieval mentality could prevail on the North American continent in this year of grace of 1940, but more was to come. Further on we passed two funerals, one of them a woman's, escorted, according to the custom of the country, by walking women dressed in black and wearing purple shoulder sashes, trimmed with dingy gold, supplied by the undertaker for the occasion. Further again, two more funerals. There was a typhoid epidemic.

The village council, in order not to discourage "le commerce", had not allowed the epidemic to be publicized, until it reached three hundred cases, with seventy-five deaths. When I arrived, they were still drinking river-water, doped with a shovelful of lime, administered by the local plumber. I got inoculated immediately, but during my three weeks stay I stuck to beer and soft drinks. Men in the plant were still drinking out of open pails, and the air was thick with sawdust, and the sawdust was from logs picked up from the river! Eventually a health officer came from Quebec City, but many workmen refused to be inoculated. It made them ill for a day and they could not afford to lose a day's pay, which was two dollars for ten hours work. Well, they were lucky if that was all they lost, poor devils.

On this job you become inured to noise, dirt and most forms of discomfort. I have worked eight hours on top of a plywood drying oven, with the soles of my shoes slowly roasting. I have worked for a day near the steam-box of a corrugated paper machine, with an outside temperature of 95. I have worked in a refrigerator in December on the piling and unpling of frozen carcasses. I have worked in a tannery, with the hair and flesh scraped off hides slopping around in vats at my feet.

For sheer ghastliness, the ultimate nadir was a detailed study taken in an abattoir on the slaughtering of forty calves. They were hung up by one back leg to an overhead pulley, then wheeled down to the butcher, who cut their throats almost in two and then let them hang bleeding into pails while he skinned and cut up previous victims. I forget exactly how many minutes per calf was required. That evening, I was invited out to supper with friends. Our hostess, through some grisly quirk of fate, served liver and bacon. As soon as it was placed in front of me I gagged on the stench that had nauseated me all afternoon. However, I didn't want to lose either my nerve or my taste for a delicious and nourishing food, so I downed the plateful, feeling rather like a newly-initiated cannibal! Once in a while I still give a passing thought to the abattoirs and wonder if the butchers are doing their "85%" today!

A peculiar thing about all workers is their willingness to discuss a little bit of their job, and their reluctance to discuss the whole job. As an example, take a man stitching soles onto shoes. Just tell him he's taking sixty seconds a pair, and imply by your tone that you'd like him to take less, and he promptly tells you to go to blazes. (Continued on page 64)



"Must I go away to camp this summer?"



"Starting Monday, everyone in this family must go to work!"

BLITZKRIEGING GOLF

by richard e. lauterbach

• SATIRE •

***A Few Novel Suggestions To Remove The Moss
From The Royal And Ancient Sport That Should
Make Every Loyal Divot Pusher Scream For
Mercy—Or For More***



IUR schools, colleges, playgrounds, and even our churches, have become centers for agitators who are telling the youth of America that golf is old fashioned, that golf players are old fud-dee-duds.

Have you heard this insidious propaganda that is making the rounds? Little printed cards which insinuate that golf is what letter carrying, carpet beating and ditch digging would be if these three jobs had to be performed on the same hot afternoon by perspiring business men requiring a different implement for every movement. And that's not all.

One little fellow charged into my office and said we were retarding the development of this country's national resources.

"Do you know," he roared, slapping his portfolio like a talented Hawaiian strums a guitar, "that it is possible for a family of ten to live for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by a golfer in one afternoon?" I later discovered that this man was a disillusioned golfer who got dizzy every time he saw a water hazard and had sunk three thousand balls in two years of trying to make a hundred yard iron shot.

His reasoning, it seems to me, is undisguised economic jugglery concocted to further embarrass the present administration. For every golf ball lost, one is undoubtedly found, thereby balancing the expense in the very long run. Even the Hoover administration recognized the validity of such calculations of investments and return.

But as I said previously, mere oratory or logic will not wipe out the campaign that has been launched against golf. We must throw out our Chamberlains and really take the initiative. Golf must be streamlined to meet the avalanche. As one distinguished cabinet member said so sagely just recently, "even in this day and age, everything develops."

Yes, it used to be a matter of weeks to journey to Chicago from New York. My grandfather did it in several days. Now speedy planes can wing me there in a few hours. BUT—I am forced to admit that it takes me just as long to go from the first tee to the eighteenth green as it did for my ancestors to do so—and in more strokes.

Golf can be developed. We have improved and simplified everything we have ever taken over from the British except golf and Vivien Leigh, and we glorified them instead. But it's not too late to rectify at least one of these errors.

The man who stands in the way of streamlined golf, stands in the way of progress. If you know such a man, ask him if he would like to drive over the roads of 1880 in an 1880 car. Probably not, but still he is content to play on a golf course fifty or more years old. If our automobiles could be streamlined, our golf can be, too. Comfort and convenience are the by-words of twentieth century

America—in all but golf. Our auto dashboards, for example, are equipped with handy cigarette lighters, radio dials and hot and cold running thermometers. But our golf bags still carry only woods and irons.

Ring Lardner wrote that golf had more accessories than "anything except them little automobiles that grows wild in Detroit." Ring Lardner was one man who used his initiative and imagination in golf. His words and deeds were those of a visionary: he foresaw that golf required new ideas for survival just as much as the little autos. It was not his fault that Henry Ford, Walter Chrysler and company were a lot quicker on streamlining than the Reids, Pierces, Hagens, Joneses, etc.

One automobile manufacturer, who shall be nameless, recently offered golfers a special horn for their cars which would honk "Fore!" when punched. And there is still some question in my mind as to whether the auto people borrowed fog lights from intrepid golfers who liked to play a round before dawn or after dusk, or vice-versa.

Anyway you look at it, Detroit is out in front. But here are certain concrete suggestions which I want to make that may help us pull golf out of the doldrums.

1. Looking at the dashboard of my old Buick, I was inspired to create a stroke register. This is an instrument which you fasten to the arm of your opponent (when playing for keeps) if you cannot bribe his caddy to tell the whole truth. Everytime your opponent swings at his ball, the stroke is automatically registered. At the conclusion of your match you can actually determine the number of strokes which he took without calling him a liar and a cheat.

(NOTE: If some opponent should insist on fastening one of my registers on you, remember this alibi. The recorder counts practice strokes as well as real ones. Or just explain that you waved at some friends walking up the fairway.)

2. The proverbial problem of keeping the head down should have been solved long ago. Recently *Golf Magazine* suggested a wicked looking type of head holder-downer. This is good but costly. My cousin, Anthony, developed a simpler idea. No matter how much he tried, he was jerking up his head just in time to dig a divot, ten inches behind his ball. He finally arrived at a cure so naive it was revolutionary. He fastened a large button to the end of a wire which he first secured to his belt buckle—then he held the button firmly in his mouth while swinging.

Excited by the prospect, I rushed out to the course to watch the experiment. Holding the button in his mouth, Cousin Anthony addressed his ball and started his backswing. The shot went whistling away. It took three caddies and some men from the Department of Interior five days to locate that ball.

My cousin completed his follow-through beautifully—minus four front teeth, but plus the experience. It didn't help his golf much, but he sure can whistle with the best of them now.

3. An accessory which is rapidly increasing in popularity due to the revival of interest in war preparedness and munitions profit, is the ordinary *smoke-bomb*. These smoke-bombs are inexpensive and will soon be on sale at all the better pro shops and sporting goods stores. You can get a good seventy-five cent smoke-bomb at Davega's for thirty-nine cents, but you can never be sure of the smell.

These bombs should be carried by your caddy in a special bomb-proof shelter attached to your ordinary bag. When you are faced with an imposing water hazard or a mountainous bunker, have your boy draw forth one of the bombs and explode it just as you are about to make your shot. The resulting smoke screen is guaranteed to completely obscure the terrifying hazard so that you can relax and make your shot as calmly as if it were a two m.m. putt.

A group of researchers from The Research Group, Inc., have tested this bomb for me and they report good results when it is used to obscure the drive. They figured out (and all golfers do, eventually) that the ball could be hit perfectly if we only had our practice swing when we were actually playing. The smoke-bomb helps matters thus: the caddy explodes one right at the first tee, and the result completely hides the ball. This makes it less likely that we will lunge at the ball, or look up. If we go through with our swing at all we will probably be entirely relaxed. And if not, the people waiting to tee up may decide to relax us in some ungentelemanly fashion.

If you decide to try this at your club some weekend, I suggest you bring along a half dozen extra handkerchiefs and a bottle of Bromos.

4. Although I tell friends that it was *my* idea, my wife really thought of the niblick which is equipped with a brush on the end. "It will dust off your socks and shoes when you emerge from a sand-trap," she observed.

5. Getting up at crazy hours to tee off is not healthy, and golf is, above all, a healthy game. Golfers who are forced to rise early in order to beat the weekenders to the first tee are advised to write for the pattern to my Tee-Tent (patent pending). This is a new type golf bag which opens up like a pup tent, supported by four irons and the putter. It is ideal for camping out on July 4th weekend, thereby insuring an early start.

6. Like television, this is still in the hazy state, but I am working on a golf ball that will cry "Papa" when lost. They laughed at the man who invented "Mama" dolls, so perhaps there is still hope for me.

(Continued on page 64)



"Fire!"

TORTURE GOES MODERN

(Continued from page 10)

Half-starved prisoners were given soup that was literally boiling hot and allowed two minutes to drink it. Since most of them would have burned their insides had they drank this liquid, they were forced to see it taken away from them untouched. Sometimes they were filled with steaming water until their insides were cooked. Others were forced to fight to the death with their best friends—for the amusement of the Gestapo guards.

Crude stuff, but unavoidable in the pressure of time. Now, however, some of the totalitarian nations have refined forms of torture that make the most stubborn prisoners talk without delay.

These methods are based on the premise that every strong man has his weakness. Just as the cobras forced confessions from strong men who might have withstood beating, the little dentist's drill gets results.

The victim is strapped into a dentist's chair in a helpless position. The dentist-torturer then drills into the live nerves of the teeth until the culprit is ready to confess. The pain from this drilling is cumulative. The longer it continues, the more agonizing it becomes to the nervous system.

Many strong men have a fear of electricity, and this fear is used in the "Electric Chair" methods of

torture. The naked prisoner is strapped in the chair with a wire to his wrist. The other live wire is touched to his eyes, ears, under-arms, or other sensitive parts of his body and held there while he writhes in torment. The current is gauged so that the shock will not be of killing intensity. Sometimes the prisoner is strapped into a bath of salt water and the whole bath charged with electricity. These tortures leave the subject a gibbering wreck.

During Medieval times, the art of inflicting lingering death was handed down from father to son, like any other craft. Even today, the executioner in France is called Monsieur Paris and passes the office down to his son.

At that time, "The Rack" was a *piece de resistance* of torture because it could get almost any secret out of its victims. The prisoner was stretched back over the machine so that his arms and legs were pulled from their sockets by a slow pulling pressure. This torture was an improvement on the old Tartar sport of tying a man's hands and feet to four different horses and then spurring them in four directions at once!

America is lagging badly in the torture sciences. We have exceptions, however! During the brilliant bootleg era, our master minds were not lacking in

torture finesse. They pulled out fingernails with pliers, inserted splinters under toenails, and questioned their men under high-powered electric lights for many hours. At this time the police developed the rubber-hose technique which left few marks but got very fine results. Gangsters also hacked off ears, extracted tongues from "squealers".

It was the bootleggers' love of whimsy that kept them from making any real progress in the art of torture. Their idea of a perfect stunt was to invite the victim to a glorious party aboard a yacht. They feted him and hailed him as a prince among men. They plied him with liquor and surrounded him with beautiful women. Then they informed him that he was celebrating his own funeral.

He looked so funny when they told him he was going to die!

He was cast into a tub of wet cement. When it hardened around his feet, he was thrown into the ocean, sinking to the bottom.

All in all, though, individual torture seems rather unimportant. Mass production in industry has brought mass production in torture. Just read any day's paper and you will get as harrowing an account of this latest development as you could wish to contemplate through a long sleepless night.

SUPER SNOOPER

(Continued from page 60)

But if you tell him he averages twenty seconds to pick up the shoe and the sole and put them into the machine, thirty seconds to actually stitch around the soles, and ten more seconds to take the stitched shoes out of the machine and put them down on the bench, he will be interested, probably because in the second case you have told him something he didn't know. This will open the way for discussion of possible improvements, whereas the first approach merely made him suspicious. In the same way, you may have noticed that people will be indifferent if you tell them you have sore feet, but they will sympathize if you mention only the left instep. Try it and see.

The job sometimes leads us into wider discussions on the subject of management, and thence into surprising situations.

One merchant who consulted us was selling sixteen different products, each with a different margin of profit. He was also selling in four different markets, at four different price levels. He was therefore making *sixty-four* different rates of profit. He had no idea of how much he sold at each level or of each product, and yet he was very surprised if he didn't hit the bulls-eye at the end of the year!

We called on two manufacturers in the same in-

dustry in the same city. One paid high wages, had a fairly good class of help, but very lenient supervision. In one department we found the forelady washing her stockings, and in another we found an operator absent washing her hair!

The other manufacturer paid very low wages. So low, in fact, that he was convinced that we couldn't save him any money. He had hordes of illiterate boys and girls under a few half-capable but demoralized men.

In both cases the result was the same: enormously high costs, compared with those in normally-operated factories in the same city.

Another client we met can neither read nor write. He has built up a business averaging \$500,000 sales per annum. He hired his first bookkeeper a year ago. Lately he has had trouble with his financing. He apparently had some capital once but he doesn't quite know where it has gone. His bank hired us to help him find out. This is a specimen of his reasoning: "Last year I didn't make any money, my bookkeeper tells me. Well, the bank lent me \$50,000 (*they did, too*) and I bought some trucks and built a new garage. Next year I won't have to buy any trucks or build any garage, so if things keep

up I ought to make about \$50,000!" Unbelievable, you say? It's the literal truth, so help me.

I am sometimes criticized for laying off people, especially older people. What would you do, for example, if you found a sixty-year-old sawyer working next to a husky youngster with double the capacity and the same skill? Personally I ransack the place from attic to cellar to find some little spot for the old boy to justify his wages without slowing up the rest of the plant. One of these days I know I shall not be able to read a stop-watch down to six-hundredths of a minute, and what then? I hope somebody will remember.

As regards laying off young men, boys or girls, I spend no sleepless nights. The fittest survive, and there is always the angle that by cleaning up you are protecting the jobs of all those who remain, and generally raising the standard of living. What the economists call "temporary displacement" is not my concern, although I am naive enough to marvel at a world which teems with both unexploited material resources and idle, underfed populations. However, I am paid to do a definite job; I do not look too far beyond the rim of my decimal stop-watch.

BLITZKRIEGING GOLF

(Continued from page 62)

7. Once you have used every old-fashioned means to reach the green, I advise you to whip out a patented Boehm streamlined cup-finder. This is a sort of hypersensitive compass which, when placed flat on the green, will indicate the best route for your ball to travel toward the cup. If you play on a course surrounded by mountains you will find the value of this cup-finder minimized. This can be remedied by supplying your caddy with a handful of powerful magnets which he can casually drop into the cups as he raises the flagpoles.

8. This Boehm cup-finder would be obsolete now if a certain German scientist had not been "concentrated" by Hitler. This learned man had almost finished work on a spun glass putter which would blush a fiery red when a golfer started to swing it in the wrong direction. This is just another example of how Nazism has set back the progress of civilization.

These suggestions will help to streamline golf, to

make it more fun, to make it easy.

Propagandists and agitators may argue that changing and adding to golf's accessories still does not get at the root of our discomfort and inconvenience . . . which is the golf course. I have been unhappy about courses ever since I saw pictures of the streamlined one that Joe Cook, the comedian, built. The first hole of Joe's course is about 120 yards long, and the green (at least half an acre) is built like a funnel with the hole in the exact center. If your mashie tee shot lands on the green, and it *must*, the ball can't help rolling into the hole for a par one. This hole is a tremendous psychological impetus to the game. Imagine what it's like starting off every round with a hole-in-one!

Besides such a stimulus, golf courses need more beautiful girls, more bars, more shower baths, more foot massagers and more stop-and-go lights. By the time I get back to the clubhouse a drink doesn't do me much good. But if I had one at the second

hole after hooking two out-of-bounds, I wouldn't care about that big 10 which went down in my score-card.

Showers are out! Monkeys should be trained to sit atop some of the taller trees and tip over buckets of nice, cold water as the weary golfer trudges from tee to rough.

Also, it is time to have collapsible seats installed on greens so that while your friends are lining up their putts you can sit down and have your caddy bathe your feet. Golf must make concessions like this if it hopes to survive the blitzkrieg of badminton, poker, ping pong and parlor politics.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of golf, and I feel that in my own way I have started the ball rolling by advancing these handful of suggestions. In the meanwhile, make your slogan: **MAKE GOLF AS MODERN AS A SUBMACHINE GUN BUT NOT AS DEADLY.**



"I said, 'Don't wait up for me, I won't be home tonight'."

"I knew these window displays would attract a crowd!"

"I've already fired her twice, J. B., but she refuses to go!"





"Oh, you men are all alike!"



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